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THE CONSTELLATION.

CANAL TRAVELLING.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 20th, 1832.

Dear Tim—

After looking about Albany, as I wrote you last summer, I thought I'd take a trip a little further up country and so off I started. The first place I went to, is called Troy, settled mostly by Connecticut folks who are up to trap and know a thing or two, I tell you. It is a pretty considerable slick looking place and I should think it pretty good doing there. You can just tell this to Joe Rice who has been waiting to transmute West sometime—he'd do well at butchering there.

At Troy I went aboard a canal boat to go up the Northern canal to Whitehall, a place right at the lower end of Champlain lake. You never saw a canal boat, I suppose, Tim, and so I'll describe it to you. It is a long canoe-fashioned sort of a concern and is built up to form the cabin, which makes it look just like one boat laid upside down right on top of another—a pretty comical looking thing I tell you. You crawl into the cabin at each end of the boat and you can just stand up in it without touching, tho' a six-footer from Vermont would have to double up a little. It isn't very roomy inside—the seats are placed along the sides, and the tables in the middle, but at night it presents a very different sight as I will tell you bimeby. The women folks stay down stairs all day long and amuse themselves with knitting and looking out of the windows on the sides of the canal—the boat you see is below the surface of the land and when you are down in the cabin you can't see nothing at all but the banks of the canal and that ain't no great sights as you may imagine.

Why don't the women folks stay on top of the cabin? I suppose you want to know that, don't you? Well, I thought at first just as you do, perhaps, that they were play fools to keep cooped up like a parcel of chickens, when they might be enjoying the fresh air and the prospect on deck. But I reckoned without my host, I guess—I didn't know no more about canal travelling than the child unborn. But stop a moment, let me tell you how the canal boats are moved along, for they don't go by steam, sails, paddles, nor none of them sort of contrivances—they are drawn by horses, as regular as ever you saw a stage or a waggon. There is a narrow road running along the bank on one side of the canal, and the horses, sometimes three and sometimes more, trot along this, single file, all harnessed together and the hind one harnessed to the boat by a long rope. A boy sits on the hind horse and puts on the whip when they want it to kill.

I guess it would be pretty going in these ere canal boats, if it want for the plagy bridges they keep going under. You see the canal runs right in a straight line and so passes through ever so many farms and at each of these farms a bridge is made over the canal to drive the teams across. These bridges are just high enough to let the boats go under without touching, and when you come to one of them the passengers on deck have to fall on their faces as flat as pancakes and squeeze along under the bridge, and that's the reason why the women folks don't like to stay on top of the cabin—cause why? it would be a pretty curious sight to see them dropping down in this way every ten or fifteen minutes, to say nothing of their big sleeves, which I don't believe would get through one of these places without stopping the boat or tearing the bridge all to pieces.

I was plagily frightened the first bridge we went under. I guess there was as many as 20 fellows of us on deck, all sorts and sizes, and we stood chatting together when all of a sudden the man a steering cried out, "Bridge! bridge!" In a twinkling every fellow dropped as if he'd been shot and I dopt too, not knowing what under the canopy to make of it. The next moment we were going right under the bridge and I kind of hatched up a little to see how it looked, when, by the hoky! one side of my coat-tail caught in the timbers and away it went as clean as a shaved cat. After we got through the bridge and on our legs again, the rest of the passengers got round me and began to sympathize in my loss. I wanted the captain to put

back and let me get my coat-tail, but he said he didn't put back for nobody—that one man had his arm carried away once just like my coat-tail, and he kept right on and left it dangling under the bridge till next day.

"Yaw, mynheer, that's a fact!" said a great fat Dutchman, taking his pipe out of his mouth and puffing a whole cloud of smoke right into my face. "Fact or no fact," says I, "you ought to make an allowance for the loss of my coat-tail, or else the passengers ought to contribute to make it up." "Hear the Yankee!" says the Dutchman, "he's up to his tam tricks—he's lost a part of his coat-tail and now wants to cut off de captain's and ours, just like de fox in de fable!" I felt plagy mad with the old Dutchman and gave him a bit of my mind—but you can't get a Dutchman mad any more than a graven image—they keep smoking and smoking and smoking, and if you get the better of them in arguing, they'll let out the smoke on you till you have to give it up and then they claim the victory—but the Dutchman got the laugh on himself pretty well after dinner, as I'll tell you.

You see the Dutchman who lived somewhere up country had travelled on the canal afore and knew to a fraction just what bridges he could go under and what he could not—he was so plagy fat he could no more get under some of them than an elephant could get through an empty flour-barrel. The old fellow ate like a horse at dinner—I suppose to get his money's worth—and that made him a little more robustic than usual, so that he didn't make the proper allowance in his measurement when he came to go under the bridges. There he stood with the rest of us on deck, with his hands in his breeches pockets and his pipe in his mouth puffing and sweating in the sun just like a great fat grunter. Bimeby the word was given "Bridge! bridge!" down we fell, one and all, right on our faces, and the boat was shooting under the bridge, when crack! she seemed to strike and flounder and the timbers overhead to creak and shiver as if they were coming right on top of us.

"Oh! o-h—oh!—mine got!—mine pipe!—mine pelly!—o—o—oh!" roared the Dutchman as lustily as a two year old bull. "Stop the boat! stop the boat!" cried the steersman—but it was too late—the boat had rubbed through, and all of us but the Dutchman were on our legs again.

There he lay, flat on his face, to all appearance as dead as a barn-door, though he kept puffing and puffing as if he was still smoking. As soon as we could, we raised him up on end, when he opened his mouth and spit out the fragments of his broken pipe and four or five teeth all covered with blood. We next went to work to strip the Dutchman, to see if he had experienced any internal bruises—we got off one pair of breeches, and then another, and another, and another, till at last we gave it up for a bad job, not knowing how many pair the old fellow had on. Finding himself relieved of so great a load, he got up and appeared quite cleverly, and it want long afore he got a new pipe and sot down in the stern of the boat and went to smoking again, but he looked amazing flattened down like. I guess it was the breeches that saved his life—in my opinion that's the reason the Dutchmen this way wear so many pair of them—he said nothing more about the loss of my coat-tail.

When night came, I went down below to see how we were to sleep. I snore what a sight! It was more like a hen-pen than any thing else I can compare it to. The seats that were placed round the cabin, were all turned into beds, and over them was another tier of beds hung up by cords—I guess in all about 30 of them. We had to draw cuts for the beds or births, as they are called, though faith! they like to have been the death of some of us, as you shall learn. I drew No. 1 and the fat Dutchman No. 2—and as soon as we two had drawn our beds, the Captain steps up to me and says he, "you'll please to retire, sir." "Retire!" says I, "not by two chalks! I mean to stay here all night—I've paid my passage, and I guess have as good right to a night's lodging as any of you."

The passengers all laughed and looked plagily pleased to see me so spunky, and so the captain kind of turned it off—"Oh, you don't understand me," says he, "I mean you will please to undress and go to bed—No. 1—the top birth there—that's yours." "I guess I understand you," says I, "I've travelled afore now, and aint to be humbugged in this way—I shant go to bed till I am ready, sir!" "But my dear sir," says he, trying to coax me, "there are special reasons for your going to bed first." "Special reasons! why don't you give them then?" "Why you see what

narrow apartments we have here? here's 40 passengers to be stowed away somewhere—we must pack in the side ones first and then we can spread the beds in the centre, and to do this every man must take his birth as he draws it, that's the rule of the boat—come, I'll take off your coat sir!" says he. "You've taken off the tail already," says I, "I've no notion of being imposed upon—d'ye think I'm going to trust myself in that rickety thing there you call a bed—the strings aint strong enough to bear me—let the Dutchman make the experiment, and if it bears him, I'll try it." "Well, you decline the birth, do you?" says the captain. "For the present certainly," says I. "Then you are entitled to it," says he to the Dutchman. "Yah! yah! I've been this way afore and know all about it—the Yankee is one pig coward, every inch of him." "Then you are a whole hog coward, I guess," says I, "if I'm nothing but a pig one."

A Dutchman can't understand a joke no more than a cabbage-head, and so he looked as grave as a meeting-house, and began to undress quite deliberately. When he got all ready, he pulled his red night-cap over his face just like a fellow going to be hung, and up he jumped like an overgrown bull paddock plump into his birth. The bed groaned for a moment under the load, and the next moment the strings snap like tow, and down came the bed, bedding, Dutchman and all, plump into the middle of the cabin floor. I never heard such a shout of laughter afore nor since—the Dutchman roared and kicked—the captain raved, stamp and swore—for my part I forgot the loss of my coat-tail, and thought I should have killed myself with laughing. "You've upset your apple-cart now," says I as soon as I'd done laughing. "Apple-cart!" says the Dutchman, picking himself up, "I don't see no apple-cart here." "The Yankee is joking," says the captain—"here," says he to me, "let us have no more of your sarse, apple-sarse, nor no other kind of sarse—come, move yourself to bed." "Not till the Dutchman is gone," says I, and with that he got some big ropes and tied up the Dutchman's bed again and got him into it, and then tied a rope round him and made it fast to a spike in the wall. "There, that will do," says I, and then I undressed and got into the berth below as quiet as a lamb.

ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

A few lines on completing Forty-seven.

When I reflect with serious sense,

While years and years run on,

How soon I may be summoned hence—

There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,

On sand and not on rocks;

We're hourly standing at Death's door—

There's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms—

Our fates we cannot force;

This flesh of mine will feed the worms—

They're come to lunch, of course.

And when my body's turned to clay,

And dear friends hear my knell,

O let them give a sigh and say—

I hear the upstairs bell.—Hood's Comic Annual.

Uproar among the Wives of Methven.—A dispute about the access to a well, which has existed for some time between the inhabitants of this village and the proprietor of some adjoining ground, was lately submitted to the decision of two professional gentlemen in Perth, who gave judgement in favor of the proprietor. In consequence of this, the proprietor commenced digging the foundation of a house which he intended to build in such a situation as would very much circumscribe their access to the well. While this was going on, however, the town drummer went through the village, and called a meeting of all the females to deliberate on the subject. The meeting was numerously attended, and what is far more extraordinary, was quite unanimous. The good dames resolving to stop the work, nearly three hundred of them, headed by an old carlin about ninety, proceeded forthwith to the spot to carry their resolution into effect. The workmen fled at the first appearance of such an assemblage of viragoes, who, without hesitation commenced filling up the foundation which had just been dug out. Having finished their undertaking, they sent forth with their voices, "loud and shrill," three cheers for King William and reform, and then returned quietly to their homes. Six of the more active of them were yesterday brought to Perth in the custody of an officer, and, after being examined by the Sheriff, were admitted to bail. The

heroines of Methven, however, seemed nothing daunted. They are looked upon by their neighbors rather as sufferers in a good cause than as violators of the law, and they were met on their return by a band of music, and conducted home to their native village in triumph.—Perthshire Advertiser.

Retort.—A lady who was blessed with a son, noted for his fickle-mindedness, was one day lecturing him upon that failing, and advising him to settle down to some active pursuit, and give up changing from one vocation to another. "Remember," said she, quoting the old adage, "that a rolling stone gathers no moss." "Very true, mother," replied he, "but does not the bee that sips continually at one flower, stand a poor chance of obtaining honey?"—N. Bedford Gaz.

Enas Woorbridge.—This man, whose death was recently announced, was the most odd and eccentric person that lived in this part of the country. He was born in South Hailley, in 1752. Through a long life, he refused to call persons and things by their proper names, would say neither yes nor no, and seldom made a positive affirmation or negation. He designated persons in the manner: "the long legged man," "the yellow house man," &c. The minister is the "gospel man," the physician, the "physic man," &c. A horse was a "jade," a cow a "stripper," &c. His common way of answering questions in the affirmative was, "it is pretty likely," or "I think it is pretty likely." In the negative, "it is pretty likely that I did not see it," &c. His answers were frequently more indirect and uncertain than these. He was once sent to a neighbor's house to get some rye flour and yeast. He did his errand in this manner: "it is likely the woman wants some common fare and some truck to noist it with." This was an industrious, harmless man, was not destitute of shrewdness, and possessed considerable information on some subjects.—Ham. Gaz.

Substitute for Tea.—A patent was granted in February last, to a tea dealer, for a new mode of preparing the leaf of a British plant for producing a healthy beverage by infusion. According to the specification, the British plant in question is the Hawthorn, from which the leaves may be taken from the month of April to September, inclusive. They are first to be carefully picked and cleansed, then to be well rinsed in cold water and drained; and while in the damp state they are to be put into a common culinary steamer, where they are to be subjected to the action of the vapor until they change from a green to an olive color. The leaves are then to be taken out, and dried upon a "hot plate well heated," and to be continually stirred up and turned over until they are thoroughly dry, in which state they may be preserved for use. An infusion is to be made in the same manner as tea, and sugar and cream are to be added to suit the taste of the drinker.

THE KEEN SPORTSMAN.

"Hark forward," cries the squire; his bounds
Dash o'er his neighbor Crabtree's grounds,
Who call'd aloud, (although too late),
"I wish your honor would but do
To other folks as you're done by:
Let them not run through my estate."
"My friend," replies the laughing squire,
"I'm doing just what you desire;
To all the country 'tis well known,
I don't mind running through my own."

A MISTAKE OF COURTESHIP.—Personal resemblances are no doubt very frequently so strong as to be confounded easily. I knew an instance of a person paying his addresses to one sister, and offering to the other by mistake, was accepted and married; and he did not discover the blunder until he found his spouse cared not for the charms of music, an accomplishment which the original object of his affections possessed. I also knew of an instance in which a person ran away with a young lady, where he thought he had made a sudden conquest; but it turned out that she mistook him for his brother. Since, however, the ancients personated love as blind, such little mistakes are not to be wondered at, although to the cool observant eye of the naturalist, perhaps, the trifling discrepancies overlooked occasionally will always be manifest.—Metropolitan.

CONVENIENCES OF A HOUSE.—A gentleman who had lately built a house was showing it to a friend and with great glee was pointing out all its various accommodations. "My dear Sir," interrupted the other, "have you made the staircase wide enough to bring down your own coffin?"

George Tucker, Esq. formerly member Congress, and at present one of the Professors of the University of Virginia, is engaged in collecting materials from which to complete the Life of Mr. Jefferson.

MISCELLANY.

THE CABRIOLET DRIVER.

A FRENCH STORY.

"Ten years ago I entered to the service of M. Eugene. Did you know M. Eugene, Sir?"

"Eugene who?"

"Aye, Eugene who? That is more than I can tell. I never heard him called any thing but M. Eugene. He was a tall young man, about seven and twenty—good looking, with a touch of melancholy; had ten thousand francs a year and a stomach complaint.—Well, I entered his service. He was so mild, that he always spoke in one equal tone. 'Cantillon, my hat—Cantillon get the cabriolet ready—Cantillon, if M. Alfred de Linaur calls say I am not at home.' You must know, Sir, that he did not like this M. de Linaur, who was a dissolute fellow. One evening returning from a soiree in the Rue de la Paix, on crossing the bridge with the statues upon it—there were no statues then—we passed a woman sobbing so bitterly, that we heard her in spite of our own wheels. My master said 'pull up,' and I did so; and before I had time to turn my head, he was standing upon the ground.

"The night was as dark as pitch. The female went on, and my master followed. On a sudden she stopped, mounted the parapet, and I heard a splash in the river. My master did not hesitate, but plunged headlong after her. I must tell you, Sir, that he could swim like a duck.

"As for me, I thought to myself, 'If I remain in the cabriolet, I shan't be of much use; on the other hand, as I can't swim, if I get into the water, there will be two to lug out instead of one.' So says I to the horse—the same I am now driving—says I, 'Whoo, whoo, stand still boy.' One could have thought the poor beast understood me, for he stood still immediately. In a moment I was at the water side.—There was a little boat close to the shore; I jumped into it; but it was moored by a rope, and I pulled and pulled, but could not move it. In the meantime, my master was diving like a porpoise. I grew desperate and with one last effort, the rope gave way, and I tumbled backwards. Luckily I fell across the bench, and as it was no time for counting the stars, I was up in a second. The boat was now adrift. I looked for the oars, and found I had knocked one overboard in my fall; I pulled away with the other, but the boat turned round and round the top. 'Why,' says I, 'this is of no more use than a blister upon a cork leg.'

"I shall never forget that moment, Sir; 'twas dreadful. The water was so black, that the river seemed to run ink. Now and then a little wave broke, scattering its spray, and in the midst was seen either the white dress of the female, or my master's head when he came up to breathe. Once only both appeared at the same time, and I heard M. Eugene, 'Ah! I see her.' In two strokes he was at the place where the white dress had been visible an instant before—he then disappeared. I was about ten yards from him, floating on with the stream, grasping my oar as if I could crush it to atoms, and exclaiming, 'God of Heaven! why can't I swim?'"

"A moment scarcely elapsed, when my master again appeared, holding the female by the hair. She was senseless, and it was high time, not only for her, but for my master to get assistance. He had just strength enough left to keep himself from sinking with his burthen. Turning his head to see which bank was the nearest, he perceived me. 'Cantillon,' cried he, 'help!' I held out the oar to him, but he could not reach it. 'Help!' said he again. 'Cantillon, help!' A wave went over his head. I remained horror-stricken. Again he appeared, which took the weight of a mountain from off my breast. I once more held out the oar; he had come a little nearer, 'Courage, Sir, courage,' but he could not answer. 'Let her go,' said I, 'and save yourself.' 'No,' replied he in a faint voice, 'I—' The water bubbled in his mouth. Merciful God! what were my feelings at that moment! Not a hair of my head was without its perspiration. I was half out of the boat straining to make the oar reach farther. Everything around me seemed to turn round, and yet my eyes were riveted upon that head which was sinking by degrees, upon those eyes level with the water, which still looked upon me and seemed twice their natural size. At length I saw nothing but his hair, that also disappeared, and his arm alone was raised above the water, with his fingers convulsed. I made another effort, and his hand caught the oar!

"It is a true saying, that a drowning man would catch at a bar of red-hot iron. He grasped the oar so tight that his nails were imprinted upon the wood. I placed it upon the gunwale, and thus forming a lever, I was enabled to raise my poor master above the water; but I trembled so dreadfully, that I feared I should lose my hold. At length I got him so near that I could seize his wrist. My heart bounded, for I was then sure of success. I held his wrist as tight as if it had been sewed in a vice, and for a week after, the blue marks of my fingers were visible.

"He had not let go the female. I dragged him into the boat, and she followed as if she were a part of him. They lay at the bottom, both equally helpless. I called to my master, but I might as well have talked to my oar. I tried to strike the palms of his hands, but they were convulsively closed, and defied my power to open them.

"I resumed my oar, and endeavoured to pull towards the shore. I saw but a bad beginning with two

oars; but with one, it was like my breath against a tempest. When I attempted to advance on one side, the boat would turn on the other, and the current bid fair to carry us to Havre de Grace. Under these circumstances, I thought it was no use to be shamed, so I called out lustily for assistance.

"[It is not without regret that we now find ourselves compelled to abridge the story. Eugene, and the woman he had rescued, both recovered. The latter, a lovely and confiding girl, who had, under promise of marriage, been seduced by Alfred de Linaur, turns out to be the daughter of Captain Dumont, a brave and meritorious officer. We have only room for the conclusion of the story.]

"Cantillon, call a coach."

"Yes, Sir. Shall I accompany you?"

"You may."

"The Captain again kissed his daughter, who had not yet recovered from her swoon. 'Come, my young friend, let us go.' They then entered M. Eugene's apartment, and when I returned with the coach, they were already waiting at the street-door, the Captain with pistols in his pockets, and M. Eugene with swords under his cloak.

"Coachman, to the Bois de Boulogne," said my master.

"If I fall, my friend," said Captain Dumont to my master, 'you will deliver this ring to my poor Marie. It was her mother's wedding ring, an excellent woman, now in Heaven. Let my cross and sword be buried with me. I have no friend but you, no relative but my daughter. Do you and she follow my coffin to the grave. Let there be no one else.'

"Why these forebodings, Captain? They are rather gloomy for an old old soldier."

"The Captain smiled. 'All has gone wrong with me since 1815; and as you have promised to protect my daughter, it is better that her protector should be young and rich, than old and poor, as I am.' He ceased speaking. M. Eugene feared to distress him by saying another word, and we arrived in silence at the place appointed.

"A cabriolet had followed us a little distance. M. Alfred and his two seconds came out of it. One of the latter approached us. 'What are the Captain's weapons?' 'Pistols.'

"Remain in the coach, and take care of the swords," said my master to me, and all five went into the wood.

"Ten minutes had scarcely passed, when I heard two shots. I started as if the sound were unexpected. There was an end to one of the adversaries, for ten other minutes expired without another report.

"I had thrown myself upon the seat of the coach, dreading to look out, when the door was suddenly opened. 'Cantillon, the swords,' said my master.

"I presented them to him. He held out his hand to take them, when I perceived the captain's ring upon his finger.

"And—and—Mlle. Marie's father?" stammered I.—"Dead."—And these swords, Sir?—Are for me. For God's sake, let me accompany you.' 'Come, then, if you wish it.'

"I jumped out of the coach. My heart was as small as a grain of mustard-seed, and all my limbs trembled. My master again entered the wood, and I followed him. We had advanced about ten yards, when I perceived M. Alfred standing between his two seconds, laughing. 'Take care,' said my master, pushing me on one side. I jumped back, for I was near treading upon the captain's body. M. Eugene cast one look at the corpse, and advancing, threw the swords upon the ground, saying, 'See, gentlemen, if both are of the same length.'

"You will not then, adjourn this meeting till to-morrow?" said one of the seconds. 'Impossible.'

"Be quiet, my friends, pray," said M. Alfred; 'the first combat has not fatigued me, but I should like a glass of water.'

"Cantillon, fetch a glass of water for M. Alfred," said my master. I had just as much inclination to hang myself as to obey; but M. Eugene having waved his hand impatiently, I went to the restaurateur's at the entrance of the wood. In a moment I returned, and presented the water to M. Alfred, saying to myself, 'May this water be poison to thee.' He took it; his hand did not tremble, but when he returned the glass, I perceived that he had clipped off a bit of one of the edges with his teeth.

"As I turned round, I perceived, that during my absence, my master had got ready. He had nothing on but his trowsers and shirt, with the sleeves of the latter tucked up to the shoulders. I approached him. 'Have you any orders to give me Sir?' 'No,' replied he, 'I have neither father nor mother. If I die—' and he wrote a few words with a pencil—you will give this paper to Marie.'

"Again casting a look upon the captain's body, he advanced and said—'Come, gentlemen, let us proceed.' 'But you have no second,' observed M. Alfred. 'One of yours will do.' 'Ernest go on the side of M. Eugene.'

"One of the seconds came on my master's side. The other took the swords, placed the two adversaries four paces from each other, put a sword in the hand of each, and, withdrawing, said, 'Go on, gentlemen.' At the same instant each advanced a step, so that their swords were engaged up to the hilt, and no use could be made of them. 'Go back a little,' said my master. 'I never retreat,' replied his antagonist. 'Tis well,' and M. Eugene, after taking a step backwards, resumed his guard.

"I had ten dreadful minutes to pass. The swords twisted about each other like serpents at play. M. Alfred alone acted on the offensive. My master followed, with his eyes, the sword of his adversary, and parried, with as much coolness as if he were fencing in a salle d'armes. I was in a foaming rage. If M. Alfred's servant had been there I should have strangled him."

"The combat continued. M. Alfred laughed bitterly; my master was calm and collected. 'Ah!' exclaimed M. Alfred. His sword had touched my master's arm, and blood was drawn. 'It is nothing,' said the latter; 'go on.' The perspiration streamed down my face. The seconds approached. M. Eugene waved his hand for them to keep off. His antagonist took advantage of the circumstance, and lunged; my master's parade de seconde was an instant too late, and the blood flowed from his thigh.

"I fell upon the grass, for I could no longer stand. However, M. Eugene was as cool as before; only his open lips showed that his teeth were closed. Huge drops of perspiration stood upon the brow of his adversary, who began to show signs of weakness. My master advanced a step. M. Alfred retreated. 'I thought you never retreated,' said M. Eugene.

"M. Alfred made a feint; and M. Eugene parried with such force, that the weapon of the former waved, as if in the act of saluting. His bosom was thus, for an instant, exposed; and, quick as lightning, was my master's sword buried in it up to the hilt. M. Alfred spread out his arms, dropped his weapon, and was kept on his legs only by the blade that transfixed him. He fell the moment my master drew it out.

"Have I behaved like a man of honour, gentlemen?" said the latter to the seconds. They replied in the affirmative, and went to M. Alfred's assistance. My master came to me.

"Return," said he, 'to Paris, and procure a notary. Let me find him at home on my return.' 'It is for M. Alfred to make his will,' answered I, 'it is no use, because—' 'It is not for that,' returned he.—'But what was it for? Why, to marry the young girl'

"After his marriage, he said to me, 'Cantillon, my wife and I are going to travel. I should like to keep you in my service; but, to see you must give her pain, and may easily guess why. Here are a thousand francs, and I make you a present of my horse and cabriolet. If ever you want assistance, do not hesitate to apply to me.'

"With this stock in trade, I turned coacher.—*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.*

LIFE IN THE NAVY.

FIRST INTRODUCTION ON SHIP-BOARD.

From the new Novel of "Cavendish—or the Patriotic at Sea."

At five o'clock, I found my feet beneath the King's mahogany in the ward room. Having shipped and sent away a villainous decoction of leeks, something was put upon my plate, which they courteously styled beef-steak and onions. I was about to inquire if in his Majesty's victualling office they tanned the hides, carcasses and all, when the surgeon had the impudence to tell me they had "a capital cook." "Indeed, Sir?" and I commenced saving the animal matter upon my plate in silence.

The officers now took it into their heads to make me their butt; till, losing my temper at the utter inflexibility of their viands and their wit, (I suppose their conduct was meant for such) I put down my fork in despair, and with a look of experimental curiosity, examined the blade of my knife. 'What's the matter?' demanded two or three. 'Beef they call it,' I replied; 'and I wish to see if it has not turned the edge.' Here an exchange was made of very significant glances at me and my plate.

"Steward! mind you tell Mungo, when he dresses the dinner to-morrow, not to put so much galley pepper on his meat," and as the master said this, he removed the fragments of a piece of coal from between his teeth, and laid them on the edge of his plate, adding, as he looked at me, "a man shouldn't be dirty nice."

However, like other meals our dinner passed, and I think had Kitchener been there, he would have recalled his recorded wish, something about a throat a mile long.—(see his work on stuffing birds and beasts.) Thinking Heaven for my deliverance, I hastily scalded my palate with some coffee, and departed, leaving behind me Michael Querer, the first Lieutenant, a rather eccentric man, but very good officer; the master, to whom belongs a large meed of praise, the purser, surgeon, and marine officer, all passing well in their way, but with these three last we shall have nothing to do. Wherefore, then, should I trouble thee with reading their names, or myself with writing them. Not at all. I merely say, that the purser would have been benefitted had he been blessed with a share more of liberality in his composition, and the surgeon, had he possessed a shade less of self-admiration; but the latter was a clever man, and some allowance may be made for him, as talent is unfortunately too often alloyed with conceit. It is a very nice limit to define where the self-confidence so necessary to genius, is separated from presumption. Nor must I here forget to name the chaplain and school-master, a man of unassuming merit, and an ornament to the rank he held. As to the marine officer, it was supposed, as a matter of course, that he slept five and twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and I therefore know nothing about him.

On the main deck I found the clerk. "What sort of bed-rooms have you on board?" I inquired.

"Oh, famous large bed rooms."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes, with a dressing room, and bath attached."

"Mr. Scribble!" roared out the first lieutenant, "Sir?" answered the clerk, and away he went before I could obtain any information where my apartments were to be found.

Descending on the lower deck, I stumbled against the second master. "Would you have the goodness," said I, "to conduct me to my bed room?"

"Oh, bed-room is it you want?" he replied; "I suppose you would like to see your dressing closet also?"

"If you please."

"I wish you may get it. Here," pointing to a moiety (by a longitudinal section) of a canvass bag, which he called a hammock, "this is your bed, and this," meaning the lower deck, "is your dressing closet."

"Yes," said the clerk, joining, "and if you want a cold bath to-morrow morning, all you have to do is to jump overboard."

Never in the whole course of my existence had I met with such a set of uncivilized bores; but help myself I could not. Having had occasion to get something out of my chest before going to bed, I entered the gun-room for this purpose. The oldsters were all seated round a table, drinking rum and water, by the miserable light of two purser's dips. At the lower end was seated a little boy, apparently twelve years old, nibbling in the shade, by stealth, a little biscuit. But the eye of the old mate who presided, though now glimmering with the cunning twinkle of intoxication, was too deeply versed in such matters, to let his diminutive form escape. "Helloa, there, youngster! what, one bell after eight, and not gone to bed yet?"

"I'm going, I'm going," said the little fellow, nibbling as fast as he could.

"Come, then, bundle up your traps and be off."

Five minutes more past, and the boy had not gone.

"What!" said the mate, "are you going to stay there all night? Start off, or look sharp for a cutting."

The boy rose, "I think its very hard to be obliged to go to bed at half past eight; surely I do you no harm by staying."

"You little rascal do you give me any lip?" and jumping off his seat, and flustering from inebrity, he pulled from his pocket a piece of rope two feet long, as thick as my little finger, terminating in a conjoined set of pyramidal knots, nearly the size of a walnut. (This I afterwards learnt was called a coil.) "I'll teach you, my boy, how you give any answer next time I speak to you," said he, seizing the little fellow by the collar, before he had time to escape, and striking him over the shoulders with considerable force. The poor child yelled most pitifully, as might naturally be expected but that only seemed to increase the rage of his brutal oppressor. His victim was a pretty, innocent-looking little fellow, with light hair, and blue eyes. I was interested for him; and advancing, in a perfect rage at the tyranny I had witnessed, I put my arm between him and the mate, asking if he were not ashamed to strike such an infant.

"Is that all, then? I'll hit a bigger, if you like," and he struck me a blow on the arm with the coil that I remember yet. As my boxing was always particularly good, and I flattered myself, my spirit not much inferior, my only reply was to deal him a blow between the orbits, which, in conjunction with the spirit he had drunken, laid him on the floor.

Had the queen of a bee-hive been attacked, less commotion would have taken place in her defence, than this unheard of thing—

"A youngster knock an oldster down!"

A sweep as well might seize the crown?

Up rose they one and all—the mate excepted, and I thought myself in for a drubbing; however, I fought for friendless innocence, and what were numbers to me? Seizing the first brass candlestick that I could lay my hands on, I darted the concrete essence of mutiny, flame and all, into the eye of the assistant surgeon, who seemed to lead the attack. "Whew, dom the mon, my ee's na an extinguisher," said he, while

"Doused his glim in sable night."

He turned—and, foaming, fled the fight."

This desertion staggered my assailants, while my resentment vanishing at such a touch of the ludicrous I burst into a loud laugh, not forgetting to brandish my candlestick as fiercely as Scott's Kenneth did his battle axe, when encountering Saladin.

"Oh, you scoundrel!" said the old mate, shaking his fist at me from the ground, and inciting the others to dare my brass. Whether they would have rallied I know not, for the door opened, and in stalked Michael Querer, with the master-at-arms. They had been going the rounds, and now came to inquire 'what's the row?'

"Gentlemen, what's the meaning of all this noise?" He looked at me, I looked at him, and lowered my candlestick, thinking that in his presence my person would be safe.

"Well, no answer? Master-at-arms, put the lights out."

"We were only skylarking, Sir," said the clerk, wishing to save the remaining candle.

"Oh, then, the next time I'll thank you to keep your bars for the shore."

He turned away: I relinquished my weapon of de-

fence, and they did the same. The poor little boy, the cause of the fray, followed close at my heels, and, in return for my espousing his quarrel, showed me the manner in which I might gain that enviable place on board a ship, the inside of my hammock; for, altho' landmen, let me tell you, it is no easy matter.

LORD BROUGHAM.

The following extracts from the New Monthly Magazine, are a proper appendix to the article in our last number:—

Lord Brougham was educated at the High School in Edinburgh; and even as a boy gave those remarkable indications of talent, which his life has fortunately afforded him the opportunity of developing.

A contemporary journal ("The American Review") supposes, from some favorite theory we presume of the writer, that Lord Brougham was not thought a quick and clever, but a slow and hard reading boy, on which supposition follows a long tirade against what is called in America "genius." We think that this reviewer is at perfect issue with the truth in the general proposition he puts forth; we are perfectly sure that he argues without foundation in the present instance. Lord Brougham, as a boy, was remarkable for the almost intuitive perception of what was placed before him. He was wild, fond of pleasure, taking to study again by starts, and always reading with more effect than others, when he did read, because it was for some specific object, the knowledge of which was to be acquired in the shortest possible time.

Even in his early years it happened to him, as it has happened to many who have risen to after eminence in that art, to acquire the rudiments of eloquence in that fluency and facility of expression which proved from the haunts of public speaking. Young Brougham, in "The Speculative Club," exercised almost the same superiority over his youthful competitors, though some were then and afterwards remarkable for their ability, which the present Chancellor holds over his noble rivals in the House of Lords. The late Mr. Horner, the late Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Murray, Mr. Southey, the present Lord Advocate, were the most distinguished members of this society.

But these pursuits, active and engrossing as they more generally are, did not prevent this singular young man from indulging in those fits of abstract meditation with which they are usually considered and found incompatible. From the noisy clamor of a spouting club, it was not unfrequent with him to retire to the study of the more abstruse branches of mathematics; one of the fruits of which was the well-known letter to the Royal Society, which an early friend assures us that he saw when Lord Brougham was only eighteen; a Latin correspondence, which had been for some time carried on with the most distinguished savans in Europe, who had, in all probability, as little idea that the grave professor of science they were addressing, with the most lavish superlatives, was a mere school-boy, as they could have had that he would one day be the Lord Chancellor of England.

On quitting Edinburgh, Mr. Brougham, in company with the present Lord Stuart de Rothsay made a tour through the northern parts of Europe.

The manner in which he announced himself to the world on his return from the continent, was as an author, in the composition of his work in 2 vols. entitled, "The Colonial Policy of the European Powers."

In 1802 the Edinburgh Review was commenced; Mr. Sidney Smith, we once heard in conversation, but cannot assert the fact, wrote the greater part of the first number. To this publication Mr. Brougham was an early and powerful, and has continued almost up to the present time, a frequent contributor.

In 1810 Lord Brougham came into Parliament, introduced there, it was then said, to "spite the Prince." If this *an dit* be true, it was pretty early that the seeds of that bitter animosity were sown, which the late King was afterwards known to feel towards the advocate of his wife. Mr. Brougham had spoken in 1808 before the House with considerable effect, previous to becoming one of its members. His fame for talent at the bar, considerably heightened by his writings and the great conversational powers he possessed, excited much expectation. His first effort, nevertheless, added to the innumerable instances of what are called "failures" in men of ability, who for some time mistake the taste of their audience, or at all events do not skilfully contrive to manage that difficult and fastidious assembly—"a House of Commons."

In 1812 he spoke against the appointment of Col. M. Mahon as secretary to the Prince Regent, and was answered by—Mr. Croker. On the death of Mr. Perceval he was the first to call the attention of the House to the formation of an efficient and vigorous administration, in which it was intended that his political friends should take a very important share.—One speech made during this year was worthy of his reputation: it was in support of a motion for the repeal of those foolish and fruitless acts in council, against which he had been heard in 1808 at the bar of the House.

This speech was shortly succeeded by others of extraordinary power. But it was in 1818, in the orders of the day being read for the House to go into a committee on "the Education of the Poor bill" that Mr. Brougham, whose labors on this subject we shall hereafter notice, extorted praise from Lord Castlereagh, carried the House entirely with him, and made an impression upon the country which his subsequent eloquence has not effaced. From this time his position for which he had been struggling for some years) was

fixed; his powers of expression, his indefatigability of research, as well as that stern and daring tone of mind which procures enemies at first, but which, sooner or later, gives a public man the ascendancy over those with whom he is placed in contact, were acknowledged and felt.

Lord Brougham's first great parliamentary effort on the subject of education, made the 21st of May, 1816, was for a select committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the state of the education of the lower orders of the people in London, Westminster and Southwark.

In 1820, a year memorable to him in many respects, Mr. Brougham brought forward his celebrated plan of education; and here, though the object in view was so desirable, such were the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, that almost every class of men was opposed to the only practical means of carrying it into effect.

There was not, in all probability, that gigantic difference between Mr. Brougham in 1810, and Lord Brougham in 1831, which can justify the different reputation of the same individual at the two different periods; neither, perhaps, is there now that difference between Lord Brougham and Mr. Macaulay, which some opinion recognizes. The rise from disputed me to undisputed precedence, is, generally speaking, a slow and gradual progress.

The extent of the study or preparation which Lord Brougham gives to his speeches, must be a matter of conjecture, and is therefore frequently one of dispute. We have heard of anecdotes in proof of their perfect impromptu nature, while we think we remember a letter from Lord Brougham himself, in which the necessity not only of preparation, but of verbally composing those parts of a speech which are meant to be most effective, is absolutely insisted upon.

Is any one (as it was once asked of another) better acquainted with our colonies or provinces,—with our allies and enemies,—with the rights and privileges of the former,—with the dispositions and conditions of the latter,—with the interests of them all, relative to the empire,—with the interests of the empire relative to them? There is also in his character that which it is impossible to approach him without observing,—that bold, daring, and assuming tone,—which makes it more difficult for unacknowledged merit to succeed, but which gives to reputed talent an arbitrary sway, a despotic authority over all with whom it comes in contact, which Lord Brougham, more perhaps than any other man since his great predecessor Lord Chatham, holds in public debate over his rivals, in more familiar intercourse over his associates. Hence the curious anecdotes daily in circulation, confused, and, for the most part, false—as they are narrated,—having, however, not unfrequently a foundation in truth; and, even when pure fabrications, being strongly indicative of the character of the man. With this character is closely connected that scolding irony, that fierce facility towards satire, by which a friend is sometimes made a foe, when it might be better policy that an enemy should be conciliated; and yet place Lord Brougham in the midst of his family,—let him be surrounded by those who worship his superiority,—and the superiority can hardly be said to exist: Fond and affectionate to those of his blood,—never forgetful of an old friend,—gay, gentle, amiable,—the life and soul of every society in which he finds himself at home,—as ready to play the school-boy, and talk like the man of pleasure, as if he had a bag of marbles in his pocket, or was going to get up at five o'clock the next morning for a fox chase,—he possesses in an eminent degree that conjunction of moral energy, with animal spirits, which startled the traveler when Montesquieu leaped over a stile, and which led Machiavel to a wrestling-match.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

CENTENARY COMMORATION.

The two Houses of Congress have resolved to commemorate the approaching Anniversary of the Birth Day of the Father of his Country, by appropriate services, and by the removal of his remains to the Seat of Government, and depositing them at the base of the Capitol. From intimations which fell from members of the Committee in the course of the debate, it is contemplated to remove, with the remains of Gen. Washington, those of his consort—that she who was so dear to him in life, in death may not be separated from him.

The death of Gen. Washington occurred on the 14th day of Dec. 1799; and the news of the event was communicated to Congress by the President of the U. S. on the 19th of the same month. Both Houses adjourned, after passing a resolution appointing a joint committee to report measures suitable to the occasion. On the 23d, Mr. Marshall, (now Chief Justice) from that joint committee, made a report, in the House of Representatives, in consequence of which the following Resolutions were unanimously agreed to in that House, and concurred in by the Senate:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That a Marble Monument be erected by the United States, in the Capitol, at the City of Washington; and that the family of General Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it; and that the Monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life.

"And be it further resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to direct a copy of these resolutions to be transmitted to Mrs. Washing-

ton, assuring her of the profound respect Congress will ever bear to her person and character; of their condolence on the late afflicting dispensation of Providence; and entreating her assent to the interment of the remains of Gen. George Washington, in the manner expressed in the first resolution."

This was the pledge solemnly given by Congress, and to this day unrevoked and unredeemed, to which it is proposed to give effect on the memorable occasion of the approaching Centennial Birth-Day of Washington. The assent of the bereaved widow to the request of Congress, communicated to her through the President of the United States, was given in the following touching terms:

"MOUNT VERNON, Dec. 31, 1799.

"SIR:—While I feel, with keenest anguish, the late dispensation of divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased husband; and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country, to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered, affords no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by that great example which I have so long had before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress, which you have had the goodness to transmit to me; and, in doing this, I need not, I cannot, say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

"With grateful acknowledgments and unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by Congress, and yourself, I remain, very respectfully, your most obedient humble servant. MARTHA WASHINGTON."

Congress has more than once engaged in the consideration of measures for carrying into execution its resolve, but has not heretofore been able to agree as to the manner in which it should be done. We rejoice that at last, owing to a fortunate concurrence, the Congress is about to relieve itself from the reproach of negligent omission to perform what it had so solemnly engaged to do.—*Nat. Intel.*

Monument to the mother of Washington.—The National Intelligencer contains a correspondence between S. E. Burrows, Esq. of this city, and others, in relation to this monument, which Mr. B. by his own desire, will be at the expense of erecting. The President of the U. S. will lay the corner stone on the adjournment of Congress.

SUBJECTS OF A KING.

The following curious scene was lately exhibited in the French Chamber of Deputies.

"Subjects" of the King. On the following day the debate was opened by M. Montalivet, who, in defending the original proposition of the Government, made use of the following observations:

"The Duke of Orleans is rich, but the King of the French is not so. Gentlemen, it is luxury which makes the prosperity of civilized countries. If you banish luxury from the Palace of the King, it will be soon banished from the houses of his subjects!!" The mention of the word subjects is said to have instantaneously produced a degree of confusion, of which the annals of the Reformed Chamber afford no parallel.

The Deputies of the extremes of the Chamber rose, and cried aloud, "the King has no subjects—those who make kings are no longer subjects, but citizens;" and during five minutes not a word could be heard except personal and outrageous cries against the *juste milieu*. M. Montalivet then endeavored to go on, but his voice was drowned by cries of "Retract; there are no longer subjects in France. The country has been insulted." The tumult becoming every moment more and more discreditable to the assembly, the President suspended the sitting, and retired. No Deputies, however, left the Chamber, but the noise continued with greater violence than ever. M. de Montalivet then left the Tribune, and engaged in a conversation with M. Perier, who evidently approved of what he had done, and encouraged him to persevere.

The Minister of Justice was in a state of great excitement, and cried aloud, "A-t-on jamais vu chose semblable. N'est ce pas une scene de la convention?"

After a quarter of an hour of interruption, the President returned into the Chamber, and M. de Montalivet, amidst considerable interruption, thus resumed his address:—"Every thing depends on the manner in which the word 'subjects' is understood [laughter and murmurs]. All Frenchmen are equal before the law, and between themselves—but the King is placed above all the rest of the nation, as a great principal. Legally, then, all Frenchmen are inferior, and it was in this sense that I said we are all 'subjects.'"

A Deputy—"No, no, you have no right to say so." M. Janieu—"Strike out this word. Retract."

M. de Montalivet—"The position of the Royalty is the result of the charter. It is in virtue of the charter that we are subjects of the King." [a new and tumultuous movement here took place.]

M. Mauguin—"We are the subjects of the law, and not of an individual will."

Here the tumult again became so excessive, that the President abruptly put on his hat, and adjourned the sitting to the following day. On Thursday the debate was resumed, with nearly equal violence. M. Barthe, the Keeper of the Seals, defended the use of the word "subjects" by Montalivet; and observed, that if they

wanted precedents, they had only to go back to the Municipal Commission, and they would find one.—This commission, sitting at the Hotel de Ville, addressed to the King a report, which concluded in these words:—"We remain, with respect, your Majesty's very humble servants and faithful subjects." [long shouts of laughter]. This document was signed—Lobau, Foyrault, Schonen, and Mauguin.

Odilon Barrot, having contended, in reply, that the title of King of the French involved no such idea of territorial vassalage as that contained in the old title of King of France, concluded thus:—"In public documents, in his relation with the nation, or part of the nation, the King has always abstained from the expression of 'subjects' of which we complain. The fact is, he knows his position better than any body. He knows how to appreciate the nature and the origin of his power; and when an individual, with a zeal more than indiscreet, instead of imitating his example, seeks to raise and to augment the Royal prerogative beyond due limits, we ought, for that reason, to protest against a word which approaches a system which appears to be revealed to us every day.

The Keeper of the Seals, in reply, observed, that "The King was the first subject of the law; that his power was confounded with the law, and in this sense that the King was the living law. The King, I repeat, is the first subject of the law [very true]. There is no power above the law. Respect to the law, is submission. Obedience, to the law only, but fidelity and affection to the King [yes, yes!—almost unanimous and prolonged bravos—very well, yes, yes—long live the King]. These are our doctrines, this our system, and we protest against all qualification, against every interpretation which may have escaped from too stormy susceptibilities—[Yes, yes! very well! Prolonged bravos]."

M. Lafitte, and others in vain endeavored afterwards to engage the attention of the Chambers. The discussion was abruptly closed.

DIED.—At Hartford, Ct. on the 12th inst. the Rev. Dr. Cornelius, of Boston, and late of this city. A letter published in the Daily Advertiser gives the following particulars of the event:

The Rev. Dr. Cornelius, the Secretary of the Board of Commissions for Foreign Missions, died this morning, at the house of his friend the Rev. Dr. Hawes. Dr. C. arrived here last Monday, and addressed the Churches in this city at Dr. Hawes's meeting-house. He was unwell before he went into the church, and there interrupted in his remarks by faintness; from which, however, he recovered after a few moments. He left the church before the services were through. A fever followed which baffled the skill of the physicians; and when it became fixed upon the brain, it produced extreme convulsions, which soon exhausted his vigorous frame, and he died without a struggle or a groan. Ever since the attack, he had felt a strong conviction that he should not survive, and has with great calmness and resignation, given directions with regard to his temporal concerns, and left his last message for his wife and children, and other friends; and we doubt not entered this day upon that eternal Sabbath, for which he has long been prepared himself, and consecrated all his efforts to prepare others.

Deaths in New-York.—The report of the City Inspector, for the year 1831, has just been published, by which it appears that the number of deaths in this city and county in the year 1831 was 6363, namely, of Men, 1577; Women, 1295; Boys, 1929; Girls, 1662; of whom were of the age of 1 year and under, 1757; between 1 and 2 years, 663; 2 and 5, 592; 5 and 10, 265; 10 and 20, 255; 20 and 30, 700; 30 and 40, 735; 40 and 50, 519; 50 and 60, 343; 60 and 70, 235; 70 and 80, 207; 80 and 90, 74; 90 and 100, 14; of 100 and upwards 4. The total number of deaths were 826 more than in 1850. Included in the above were 670 colored persons—exceeding the number in 1830, 45. Deaths by Consumption, 1023; Fever, (including 258 of scarlet fever) 510; Inflammations, 481; Still born, 372; Small pox, 234; Old age, 125; Intemperance, 119; Influenza, 17; Measles, 39; Whooping cough, 27; Suicide, 23; Insanity, 23; Casualties, including drowned, fractured, frozen, killed and sudden death, 142.—*Mer. Ads.*

Cold.—On the 26th inst., at 7 A. M., the thermometer in the open air fell to 8 degrees below zero. This has been a memorable winter, not only for the intensity and long continuance of cold, but for sudden and violent changes. On the 16th Dec. thermometer at sunrise fell to two degrees below zero, and frequently, in the course of that month, it indicated 8 to 12 degrees above. On the 24th inst. at sundown, thermometer stood at 46, and the next morning at 6; at noon at 8, and at sunset 4, indicating a mean temperature of 6 degrees throughout the day, and 8 that evening it fell to zero; and on the following morning to 8 degrees below, being decidedly the coldest 24 hours experienced in this place during the last 14 years.—*Huntsville, Ala. Jan. 28.*

Cold.—This morning at sunrise, our thermometer, which, during the remarkable cold weather of last month, fell only to 10 degrees below zero, was distinctly observed by us at 15 deg. below zero.—*Nashville Jan. 26.* [Another account reports 18 degrees!]

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—Professor Hayne, of Göttingen, used to relate that the first impressions on his mind were made by the tears of his mother lamenting that she was not able to find bread for her children.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1832.

EUGENE ARAM.

In our last we did not enter into the merits of Mr. Bulwer's new novel, because we had not then finished its perusal. We are now prepared to say, that it is a work of no common merit; and we agree in opinion with others, that, all things considered, it is the best of the author's works. His style is much amended. It is more clear and simple; and the splendid obscurities, if we may so call them, which ran through his earlier works, are avoided. This may be the gradual effect of time and practice in a young writer; or, possibly, he may have profited by the criticisms which have been dealt out to him with some degree of liberality.

In selecting Eugene Aram for his hero, Mr. Bulwer had sundry difficulties to contend with, which do not happen to the writers of entire fiction. The principal events in the life of Aram were well known to the reader. He was a murderer—and that, too, for money—of all motives the most utterly base. He was, besides, a man of middle age, and less likely to fall in love than the younger hero of a novel. If a man, thus far advanced in life, was not likely to become an ardent lover, such as all heroes of fiction are expected to be; still less likely was it, that any heroine should be found to return his love with that ardor, sincerity, and unchangeableness, which are necessary to create a deep interest in the result.

These difficulties the author has surmounted with much skill. In the love affair he has succeeded beyond expectation. He has created a heroine with such peculiarities of mind, that, at the age of eighteen, she falls very aptly in love with the hero of thirty-five; while the hero of thirty-five is no less aptly made to fall in love with the maiden of eighteen. The following sketch of the character of Madeline Lester may account for her disposition to admire a man, of the superior and singularly cultivated mind of Eugene Aram, though nearly twice her age.

After describing the beauty of her person, in which there is too much of common-place—such as—"exquisitely formed"—"dewy redness"—"whiter than pearls, &c. &c." the author goes on to say:—

"Her eyes of deep blue, wore a thoughtful and serene expression, and her forehead, higher and broader than it usually is in women, gave promise of a certain nobleness of intellect, and added dignity, but a feminine dignity, to the more tender characteristics of her beauty. And indeed the peculiar tone of Madeline's mind fulfilled the indication of her features, and was eminently thoughtful and high-wrought. She had early testified a remarkable love for study, and not only a desire for knowledge, but a veneration for those who possessed it. The remote corner of the country in which they lived, and the rarely broken seclusion which Lester habitually preserved from the intercourse of their few and scattered neighbors, had naturally cast each member of the little circle upon his or her own resources. An accident some five years ago, had confined Madeline for several weeks, or rather months, to the house; and as the old hall possessed a very respectable share of books, she had then matured and confirmed that love to reading and reflection, which she had at a yet earlier period, precariously owned. The woman's tendency to romance naturally favoured her meditations, and thus, while she was shut out from the world, she also softened her mind." And so it was. She could pass through life, and never see a man, who in her heart could give itself away."

It was the desire of refinement, and the desire of a quiet retreat, and the desire of a home in which all men would live her heart, to seclude her from the neighborhood of her father's house. An interesting description of the person of Eugene Aram was extracted in our last.

The reader is aware of this man's crime, and is certain of the fate that awaits him; nevertheless the author has so managed the story, as to preserve a deep interest in him throughout. But by far the deepest interest is felt for Madeline Lester. Her strong and cold, but unfortunate, love; her faithful adherence and attention to the accused through a long imprisonment; her mental sufferings preying on her body; health and wasting her tender frame; her presence at the trial of her lover, and her confidence in his innocence to the very last; all these present scenes which are wrought up with such a depth of feeling, that we need not say, as Mark Antony did at the funeral of Cæsar,—

"You, Brutus, speak, for you to shed them now."

The reader will find such preparation necessary. With the exception of *The Saracens*, by Madame Cudjoe, we know of no novel presenting scenes of so deep pathos. These scenes we will make a single ex-

tract—just reminding the reader, that no passage, taken separately, is calculated to produce that effect which it will naturally have when read in connexion with the rest of the work:—

"The 3d of August, 1759, rose bright, calm and clear: it was the morning of the trial; and when Ellinor stole into her sister's room, she found Madeline sitting before the glass, and braiding her rich locks with an evident attention and care.

"I wish," said she, "that you had pleased me by dressing as for a holiday. See, I am going to wear the dress I was to have been married in."

Ellinor shuddered; for what is more appalling than to find the signs of gaiety accompanying the reality of anguish!

"Yes," continued Madeline, with a smile of inexpressible sweetness, "a little reflection will convince you that this day ought not to be one of mourning. It was the *suspense* that has so worn out our hearts. If he is acquitted, as we all believe and trust, think how appropriate will be the outward seeming of our joy! If not, why I shall go before him to our marriage home, and in marriage garments. Ay," she added, after a moment's pause, and with a much more grave, settled, and intense expression of voice and countenance—"ay; do you remember how Eugene once told us that if we went at noonday to the bottom of a deep pit, we should be able to see the stars, which on the level ground are invisible. Even so from the depths of grief—worn, wretched, seared and dying—the blessed apparitions and tokens of heaven make themselves visible to our eyes. And I know—I have seen—I feel here," pressing her hand on her heart, "that my course is run; a few sands only are left in the glass. Let us shake them bravely. Stay, Ellinor! You see these poor withered rose-leaves: Eugene gave them to me the day before—before that fixed for our marriage. I shall wear them to-day, as I would have worn them on the wedding day. When we gathered the poor flower, how fresh it was; and I kissed off the dew: now see it! But come, come; this is trifling: we must not be late. Help me, Nell, help me: come, busle, quick, quick! Nay, be not so slovenly; I told you I would be dressed with care to-day."

And when Madeline was dressed, though the robe sat loose and in large folds over her shrunken form, yet, as she stood erect, and looked with a smile, that saddened Ellinor more than tears, at her image in the glass, perhaps her beauty never seemed of a more striking and lofty character,—she looked indeed a bride, but the bride of no earthly nuptials. Presently they heard an irresolute and trembling step at the door, and Lester, knocking, asked if they were prepared.

"Come in, father," said Madeline, in a calm and even cheerful voice; and the old man entered.

He cast a silent glance over Madeline's white dress, and then at his own, which was deep mourning: the glance said volumes, and its meaning was not marred by words from any one of the three.

"Yes, father," said Madeline, breaking the pause—"we are all ready. Is the carriage here?"

"It is at the door, my child."

"Come then, Ellinor, come!" and leaning on her arm, Madeline walked towards the door. When she got to the threshold, she paused, and looked round the room.

"What is it you want?" asked Ellinor.

"I was but bidding all here farewell," replied Madeline, in a soft and touching voice; and now before we leave the house, father—sister, one word with you;—you have ever been very, very kind to me, and most of all in this bitter trial, when I must have taxed your patience sadly—for I know all is not right here"—(touching her forehead)—"I cannot go forth this day without thanking you. Ellinor, my dearest friend—my fondest sister—my playmate in gladness—my comforter in grief—my nurse in sickness: since we were little children we have talked together, and wept together, and though we know all the thoughts of each other, we have never known one thought that we would have concealed from God;—and now we are going to part!—do not stop me, it must be so, I know it. But after a little while may you be happy again, not so buoyant as you have been, that can never be, but still happy!—You are formed for love and home, and for those ties you once thought would bind mine. God grant that I may have suffered for us both, and that when we meet hereafter, you may tell me you have been happy here!"

"But you, father," added Madeline, tearing herself from the neck of her weeping sister, and sinking on her knees before Lester, who leaned against the wall convulsed with his emotions, and covering his face with his hands—"but you,—what can I say to you?—you have never,—no, not in my first childhood, said one harsh word to me—who have sunk all a father's authority in a father's love,—how can I say all that I feel for you?—the grateful overflowing (paining, yet sweet)—Oh, how sweet!" remembrance which crowd

around and suffocate me now!—The time will come when Ellinor and Ellinor's children must be all in all to you—when of your poor Madeline nothing will be left but a memory; but they, they will watch on you and tend you, and protect your gray hairs from sorrow, as I might once have hoped I also was fated to do."

"My child! my child! you break my heart!" faltered forth at last the poor old man, who till now had in vain endeavored to speak.

"Give me your blessing, father," said Madeline, herself overcome by her feelings;—put your hand on my head and bless me—and say that if I have ever unconsciously given you a moment's pain, I am forgiven!"

"Forgiven!" repeated Lester, raising his daughter with weak and trembling arms as his tears fell fast upon her cheek;—never did I feel what an angel had sat beside my hearth till now!—But be comforted—be cheered. What if heaven had reserved its crowning mercy till this day, and Eugene be among us, free, acquitted, triumphant before the night!"

"Ha!" said Madeline, as if suddenly roused by the thought into new life,—ha! let us hasten to find your words true. Yes! yes!—if it should be so—if it should—and," added she, in a hollow voice (the enthusiasm checked) "if it were not for my dream, I might believe it would be so.—But come—I am ready now!"

"Fiat justitia, ruat cælum."

Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!—We have been led to quote these words, from having noticed the excitement, the bias, and the prejudice, that prevail in relation to the *Conspiracy Case*, still pending in the Court of Sessions. There seems to be great apprehension in the minds of certain persons, lest justice should be done.

Our readers doubtless recollect the anecdote of the Hibernian, who, being brought before a magistrate charged with some crime, began to take on bitterly. "Never mind," said the magistrate, "I'll see justice done you." Paddy replied—"Och, yer honor, and that's what I'm afraid of just!"

So it is with many persons in regard to the conspiracy case. The conduct of certain editors of the daily press has been any thing but fair or just. Instead of waiting for the decision of the case, at the proper tribunal, they have condemned the accused *a priori*—crying out that they were guilty of a foul and wicked conspiracy! a monstrous and diabolical conspiracy! and that they deserved the most exemplary punishment!

If guilty, we will agree with these editors, that the accused deserve to be punished, and that with severity. But we protest against pre-judging the case. What is the effect, what is the design of these ex parte statements? No other than to prejudice the public—to prejudice juries, or those who may act on juries—nay, if possible, to prejudice the Court itself! Is this fair? Is it honest? Is it acting with that moderation which even-handed justice requires?

But if the cause to which these editors incline be a good one, why this fear, this anxiety for the result? Why not leave Justice to hold her own balance, and lift her own sword? They but prejudice their cause by these attempts to advance it. Who will believe that a man rests on his own purity and innocence, when he and his counsellors and friends resort to unfair, if not illegal means, to get a verdict in his favor? It looks dark and suspicious.

If the defendants are convicted after a fair trial, we say amen to it; if they are acquitted, we likewise say amen. The accused have rights, as well as the accuser. They are not to be trampled upon, because they happen to move in a lower sphere of life than the complainant. Masters and servants, clergy and laity, must be tried by one law.

The character of a clergyman should be above all reproach; granted: but a patched up character is seldom much esteemed, whether it be effected by purchasing silence of one's accusers, or by a resort to prosecution. The piece of new cloth, put upon the old garment, is nothing but a patch after all.

We wish Dr. Phillips may come out like gold tried in the fire; we wish the defendants may do the same. Our good wishes are equal for both sides. We have no acquaintance with either party, and no prejudice, pro or con. It is not because the Doctor is a clergyman and receiving a good salary, that we wish him to come pure from the ordeal; it is simply because he is a man, a fellow-citizen, the father of a family. With his reputation, his welfare and that of his family are at stake. Some say it would be a disgrace to his brethren, and a blot on religion, if he should be proved the unworthy man which his accusers have pretended. But we do not see how that can be: his brethren are not answerable for his deeds, nor is religion accountable for the faults of its professors. Again, it is said his flock are deeply concerned in the result of the

trial. We grant they are, if he is at all events to continue their pastor. But if they should deem him unworthy, a hundred respectable men might be found ready to take his place.

Dr. Phillips and his family are most deeply concerned; so are the defendants, for we suppose they have human feelings, as well as those who move in a higher rank.

To sum up then, we are as much concerned for one party as the other; and heartily wish them both a good deliverance out of a bad scrape. But we shall not charge in favor of either party.

MEANER THAN A NIGGER.

A blacksmith, who lived back in the country, on a cold winter's day had gone to town for a jug of rum. Returning from the grocery, he stopped at a tavern by the way to warm his fingers and toes, and chat with his host.

The latter valued himself on a practical joke: wherefore turning over the son of Vulcan to some bar-room loungers to be amused, he, with a knowing wink or two at those in the secret, shily emptied the rum from the blacksmith's jug, and filled it with water. The latter having finished his chat, bade mine host good night, and made the best of his way home.

It was late in the evening when he arrived, and he invited a neighbor of his who had accompanied him from the tavern, to walk in and take a drop of the creature to warm his stomach. The invitation was accepted; glasses were produced; and the jug unstopped. But when the blacksmith turned it up, expecting to hear the liquor say, *good! good! good!* to his astonishment, it said nothing at all. It was entirely frozen up. The reader may imagine the disappointment of the blacksmith and his expectant neighbor; for who, that has made his mouth up for a good thing—whether aatable, drinkable, or laughable—can bear the disappointment of his hopes with equanimity? The blacksmith could not, as shall appear presently in the account given by his neighbor.

The latter calling again the next day at mine host's, Boniface, chuckling hugely over the trick he had played, asked him what the blacksmith said when he found that his rum had turned to water.

"What did he say? why, he raved and tore round like a madman; and swore that you must have done it. Oh, no, says I, it couldn't have been the landlord; it must have been some nigger."

"And what did he say then?"

"What? why, he flew in a greater passion than ever, and swore that God Almighty never yet made a nigger mean enough to be guilty of such a trick!"

This reply stuck in the memory of the landlord's neighbors so long, that he wished a thousand times he never had enacted the unlucky joke which gave rise to it; for whenever, afterwards, he did any thing a little out of the way, they would exclaim, with a shake of the head—"No nigger was ever mean enough to be guilty of that!"

MISERIES AND VEXATIONS.

9. Marrying a woman on account of her beautiful eyes, her fine teeth, and her charming hair; then finding that the first have been purchased of the oculist, the second of the dentist, and the third of the perquier; and that she removes them all every time she goes to bed.

10. Turning your coat as often as a new party comes in power, in order to get a taste of the treasury pay; and getting nothing after all your pains, but an empty belly and a bad name.

11. Having a quarrel with your wife, and threatening to shoot yourself in order to excite her fears or her sympathy; and finding her, instead of bursting into tears and clinging round your neck, coolly bringing you the pistols ready cocked and primed.

12. Riding in a crowded stage-coach, to leeward of a man with a rum breath, who, under pretence of talking to you, persists in poking the mouth of his fuming distillery constantly under your nose. Bah!

13. Laboring hard to get yourself killed in a duel, but finding yourself so far beneath a gentleman's notice, that you are obliged to blow out your own brains to preserve your reputation.

REDUCING A STORY.—There lived, away South, a famous sportsman, who not only made long shots in the field, but likewise at the board. In a word, he was fond of telling very large stories. Being aware that he carried this practice to a somewhat unwarrantable length, he commissioned his favorite black mate, Cudjoe, to give him a hint whenever he found him stretching the truth too much.

One day dining in company with sundry other gentlemen, he told some prodigious large stories; and, among the rest, of a fox he had killed, which had a tail twenty yards long. Honest Cudjoe thought this was quite too extravagant; and as he stood behind his master's chair, he gave him a nudge.

"Twenty did I say? Perhaps I'm a little too fast. But 'twas all of fifteen."
Cudjo gave him a second nudge.
"Eh!—let me see. 'Twas ten at least."
A third nudge.
"Twas every inch of five."
A fourth nudge.
"Twas three, any how."
A fifth nudge.
The sportsman took all these hints in good part until he received the last; when thinking his story was already cut down quite enough, he turned suddenly to his servant and exclaimed—"Why, d—n it, Cudjo, won't you let my fox have any tail!"

LAW FOR DUELLISTS.—In Mexico there is said to be a law, that if one man kills another in a duel, he shall pay all his debts. Such a law might have a good effect upon some of our Southern neighbors, who are so fond of resorting to the pistol on every trifling occasion.

MONUMENT TO THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.—Mr. S. E. Burrows of this city has offered to defray the expense of erecting a monument to Mary, the mother of Washington, at Fredericksburg, Va.; and his offer has been accepted by the committee chosen to superintend the building.

The following very pretty lines, which we copy from an old scrap-book, were doubtless published about the time of Lafayette's visit to this country; when, as the nation's guest, he was honored with a nation's love and gratitude. The tent, mentioned below, was the one pitched by Washington on Dorchester heights; and was exhibited in the Park at the late Centennial Celebration.

From the Morning Chronicle.

LAFAYETTE.

In the Tent of Washington.

I will rest in the war-house that sheltered the form
Of my hero, my friend, and his country's preserver;
That guarded his care-stricken head from the storm—
That caught the warm sighs of the patriot's fervor.

I will count by the threads that I find in his wool,
The throbs in his head and his heart that were beating,
While his thoughts were, when midnight enshrouded
its roof,
Retrieving defeat, or a victory greeting.

I will sleep in the house of the soldier, and view
In my dreams, his achievements, unequalled in
story;
My visions the hopes of my youth shall renew,
Till I wake to the real fruition of glory.

For the Coast Guard.

Mr. Editor, I have fallen most all-firedly in love,
And my heart has pop'd off the following sonnet to
the delectable angel of my admiration.

TO MISS MOLLY BLUEBERRY.

Bright peerless Queen of my idolatry,
Type of an angel's form—star of my love—
Shadowless, stainless girl—bend to thee
As to a radiant being from above.
Who would not bow at Beauty's lovely shrine?
Who would not worship Angel purity?
Who would not call thee *Molly, all divine*,
When bending at thy feet a lover's knee?
Oh! pictureless being with a Seraph's mien,
A spirit pure and radiantly bright;
One tone of thy sweet voice will bid love's stream
Gush thro' my heart with rapturous delight.
Thou art my joy—my heaven—my every thing,
And at thy feet my heart and hopes I fling.

There's for you, Mr. E.—don't you think some
things can be done as well as others?

SAM PATCH.

"The philosophers say that spirits never cast a shadow—now though my Molly may not be a spirit in the literal meaning of the word—still she is such a little angel, and has such a kind of a spiritual look, that I think I may be justified in saying nothing about poetic license—in calling her shadowless. Moreover, Mr. E., the above is partly intended as a specimen of modern poetic sentiment."

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NO. VI.

LENOTABLE. Of all the absent people I ever knew, the most remarkable was the late Baron Nolkin, Chancellor of Sweden. Two instances deserve to be related. He had one day to read to Prince Adolphus Frederick, a report of the privy-council, when he very gravely took from his pocket the lease of his house, which he read nearly to the end, till the remarks of the prince at last made him sensible of his mistake. Another time he came into the prince's ante-chamber, where I was with several others, and asked Count Tessin. I answered him myself, that the count had just left the apartment. He went out

in a very great haste, and came back, saying, that the officer in waiting affirmed that he was in the room. I replied, "Your Lordship will believe me, I hope, for I have myself seen the count go out of the room."—Nolkin went out a second time, and returned with a new assurance from the officer in waiting; on which a general laugh ensued that waked him out of his dream.—*Memoirs of Count Tessin.*

THE THREE RACANS. When Mademoiselle de Gournay arrived at Paris, she desired to see the Marquis de Racan, an eminent wit and poet. Two of his friends knew the time he had appointed for his waiting on her; and they resolved to be revenged on him for many a ridiculous situation to which he had exposed them. One of these gentlemen, about two hours before the time appointed, waited on the lady and announced himself as Racan. He endeavored to talk of her own works, which he had purposely turned over the preceding evening, and though he did not exactly satisfy her in point of his abilities, besides committing some gross blunders, she could not but think the marquis a very polite gentleman. He had just parted from her, when the Marquis de Racan was a second time announced. She naturally supposed he had forgotten some particular, and returned for this purpose, when to her great surprise, a stranger wholly different from the first marquis entered the apartment. She could not help questioning him repeatedly if he was the real marquis, and informed him of what had just passed. The pretended Racan appeared very much hurt; and declared that he would be revenged of the insult the stranger had mutually offered them; but the intercession of the lady softened the choleric man, and she was infinitely pleased with the second marquis, who exceeded the first in every respect. Scarcely had this second counterfeit issued when the real Racan was announced!—This began to exercise the patience of de Gournay. "What, more Racans in one morning!" she exclaimed, at the same time desiring he might be introduced. As soon as he entered, she raised her voice and demanded if he meant to insult her? Racan, who at the best was an indifferent speaker, remained silent with astonishment. He muttered something; and de Gournay, who was naturally violent and irascible, imagined he was sent to impose on her; and pulling off her slipper, she fell upon the real and unfortunate Racan, with the rage of an irritated virago, and made him gladly retreat from a visit where he had expected to have met with a very different reception.—*D'Israeli's Curios. Lit.*

PRINCE TRUBETSKOY. An Italian architect at Moscow, of the name of Camporesi, procured admission for us at the house of Prince Trubetskoy, a dealer in minerals, pictures, hosiery, hats, cutlery, antiquities; in short, all the furniture of shops and of museums. Having squandered away his fortune, this man gained a livelihood by selling for himself and for others whatever came in his way. His house, like a pawn-broker's shop, exhibited one general magazine, occupying several rooms. A Prince presiding over this mart and practising all the artifices of the meanest tradesman was a spectacle perfectly novel. Any thing might be bought of his Excellency, from a pair of bellows to a picture by *Claude Lorraine*. In the same room were handkerchiefs, antique vases, stockings, artificial flowers, fans, cologne water, soap, pomatum, prints, paintings, books, guns, pistols, minerals, jewellery, harness, saddles, pipes, second-hand clothes, swords, stuffed birds, bronzes, buckles, buttons, snuff-boxes, wigs, watches, boots and shoes. "My house," said he as we entered, "and all it contains, is at your service, or any one's else who will buy it! I will sell you the house for a single *rouble*, provided you will pay me also a *rouble* for each article of its furniture." While we were bargaining with his Excellency, Prince L. sent a note, which he read aloud. It was to borrow money. "Here's a man," said Prince Trubetskoy, with a million of *roubles* in his drawing-room, has sent to me for forty-five, to pay the expenses of a journey to his country seat! You see how we go in Russia.—*Dr. Clarke's Travels.*

HOG LANE, the general rendezvous of sailors and the Wapping of Canton is situated at the corner of the British Factory. Almost every Chinese in the lane goes by some name that may attract the notice of the sailors; as "Jolly Jack," "Ben Bobstay," "Tom Bowline," &c., which he has painted on the outside of his shop, besides a number of advertisements collected by tarts, in the true nautical idiom and style; which being copied and committed to the press, exhibit on each side of the street a Chinese edition of the most ludicrous specimens of English literature that are perhaps at present extant in any one collection.—*Voyage to India and China.*

SCARRON'S MARQUISATE. Scarron, though without wealth, was accustomed to say, that his wife and he would not live uncomfortably by the produce of his estate and *Marguerite of Quintet*. It was thus he called

the revenue which his compositions produced, and which *Quinet* his bookseller published.—*Segrais.*

EARLY HABITS. In the 16th century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning: at present, scarcely a shop-keeper is awake at seven. The king of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bed-chamber at the same hour in the evening. During the reign of Henry VIII., fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time the nobility and gentry dined at eleven, and supped between five and six. In the reign of Charles II., four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays.—*Memoirs Margravine of Anspach.*

FRANCIS PANARD. When in compiling the *Mercur* of the month, I wanted some pretty verses, I used to go and see my friend Panard. "Rumage among the litters in my wig-box," used he to say to me. This box was indeed a true litter, in which the verses of this amiable poet, scrawled on dirty strips of paper, were heaped together in confusion. Seeing almost all his manuscripts spotted with wine, I reproached him with it. "Oh, take those! take those!" cried he, "they have the seal of genius on them." He had so tender an affection for wine, that he always spoke of it as the friend of his heart. After the death of his friend Galet, meeting him in my walks, I wished to express the part I took in his affliction. "Ah! sir," said he, "it is very lively and very profound! A friend of thirty years with whom I passed my life! In my walks, at the theatre, at the wine-shop, always together! I shall sing no more, I shall drink no more with him. He is dead. I am alone in the world. I do not know what to do with myself." As he complained thus the poor man melted into tears, and so far nothing could be more natural. But observe what he added: "You know that he died at the Temple? I went there to weep and lament over his tomb. But what a tomb! Ah! sir, they have laid him under a *water-spout*; he who, since the age of reason, never tasted water."—*Marmontel's Memoirs.*

DUKE D'AIGUILLON. He was one of the twelve Peers of France, who, in former days, had an immense fortune, was a great patron of the arts, and so theatrical that he had a box in every theatre in Paris. He was particularly fond of music, and had been a pupil of Viotti. As a revolutionary *emigre* to England, he was not noticed by any of the French noblesse, nor did he visit any where. One morning he called on me and said he had a favor to request. I begged him to command my services. "My dear Kelly," said he, "I am under many obligations for your repeated acts of kindness and hospitality to me and my friends; but still, though under a cloud, and labouring with misfortunes, I cannot forget that I am the Duke D'Aiguillon, and cannot stoop to borrow or beg from mortal, but I confess I am nearly reduced to my last shilling, yet still I retain my health and spirits; formerly, when I was a great *amateur*, I was particularly partial to copying music,—it was then a source of amusement to me. Now, my good friend, the favor I am about to ask, is, that *sub rosa*, you will get me music to copy for your theatres, upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist, who was a stranger to you. I am now used to privations, my wants are few; though accustomed to palaces, I can content myself with a single bed-room up two pair of stairs; and if you will grant my request, you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands."

I was moved almost to tears, by the application, and was at a loss what to answer, but thought of what Lear says,

"Take physic, pomp!"

and "to what man may be reduced." I replied that I could procure him as much copying as he could get through. He appeared quite delighted; and the next day I procured plenty for him. He rose by day-light to accomplish his task—was at work all day—and at night, full dressed in the Opera House, in the pit. While he felt himself Duke D'Aiguillon; and no one ever suspected him to be a drudge in the morning, copying music for a shilling per sheet; and strange to say his spirits never drooped; but the transitory peace of mind he enjoyed was not of long duration; an order came from the Alien Office for him and his friends to leave England in two days; they took an affectionate leave of me; the Duke went to Hamburg, and there was condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.—*Kelly's Reminiscences.*

AMBROSE PHILLIPS was a neat dresser, but very vain. In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift and others, the discourse ran a good while on Julius Caesar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked what sort of person they supposed Julius Caesar was. He was answered that from medals, &c., it appeared he was a small man and thin-faced. "Now, for my part," said Ambrose, I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion,

extremely neat in his dress; and five feet seven inches high;" an exact description of Phillips himself. Swift, who understood good breeding perfectly well, and would not interrupt any body while speaking, let him go on, and when he had quite done, said—"And I, Mr. Phillips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high; not very neatly dressed, and in a black gown with pudding sleeves."—*Dr. Young, in Spence's Anecdotes.*

TOMB OF HAFIZ. Near Schiras is the tomb of Hafiz, and so sacred is the memory of the poet held in Persia, that a volume containing his writings is opened for visitors, upon his tomb, and like the *Sortes Virgilianae*, the passage which first occurs is held to be prophetic of the fate of the inquirer. The tomb stone is a large block of Tabriz marble, of the nature of gypsum.—*Lt. Col. Johnson's Overland Journey from India.*

Gen. Washington's Mirth.—It has been observed that Gen. Washington but seldom smiled, and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. I was informed the other day, by a gentleman venerable for his age and information, that he had seen Washington nearly convulsed with laughter. One instance he mentioned with a great deal of *sung froid*. At the time our troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at head quarters that the English were about leaving Boston to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were busily prepared for the approaching rencontre. Some of the Generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms,—and among the rest was Gen. Greene, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his *wig*—"bring my wig, you rascal! bring my wig!" Gen. Lee diverted himself and the company at the expense of Gen. Greene. "Your wig is behind the looking-glass, sir." At which Greene, raising his eyes, perceived by the mirror that the wig was where it should be—on his head.

Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the floor, and the whole group presented rather a ludicrous spectacle. However grave the Commander-in-chief may have been in general, the reader will surely excuse the illustrious Washington for this deviation from his usual character.—*Vermont Courier.* [This has been contradicted.]

A Ship Salivated.—A striking instance of the volatility, penetrating power, and noxiousness of mercurial vapor was afforded, in 1810, on board the *Triumph* man of war. This vessel had taken on board 30 tons of quicksilver, contained in leather bags of fifty pounds each, which had been picked up on the shore of Cadiz, from the wrecks of two Spanish ships. The bags were stowed in the bread room, after hold, and store rooms. Being startled with salt water, in about a fortnight they all decayed and burst. In collecting the quicksilver to save it in casks, much of it found its way into the unapproachable recesses of the ship, and some was secreted by the men, who amused themselves with it in various ways. At this period so much blue-water had collected in the ship that the stowage was intolerable, and the carpenter's mate was nearly suffocated by the effluvia while sound asleep in the well. The effect of the gas evolved from blue-water is manifested by its changing to black, a metallic substance. In this instance, however, metals of every kind were coated with quicksilver; and a general affection of the mouth took place among the men and officers, to a severe degree of salivation, in upwards of two hundred men. It was, in consequence, necessary to take the *Triumph* into dock, remove all her stores, clean her hold thoroughly, and dislodge one of her lowest planks in order to make an opening for the escape of the mercury, before she could be restored to a serviceable state.—*Buffon's Nat. Hist.*

Who's got the Cholera Morbus?—The excitement which is now so prevalent throughout London, occasioned by the fear and alarm which pervade the minds of every class of society, at the expected visit of this dreadful scourge, was considerably heightened by the following circumstances, which lately occurred at a newspaper office in Fleet-street. The editor had sent down to the printer, to be composed, a long article on "the Cholera Morbus." From its extreme length, it was divided into six parts, and given to six many compositors to "set up." Just afterwards a third gentleman, who had been for many weeks past adopting every precaution to prevent any attack of this fatal complaint seizing him, came into the office to chat away half an hour with the "printer." He had not been there five minutes before the "reading boy" entered in great haste, and inquired, "Who's got the cholera morbus?" "I have!" "I have!" "I've got it," loudly responded the aforesaid half-a-dozen compositors. "Then I—I have!" shrieked out the timid gentleman in question, more dead than alive with fear and agitation, "then I am off!"—and quitting the article, he jumped down the first flight of stairs, and all the printers was clear in a twinkling.

INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION UPON THE DURATION OF LIFE.

Amongst men of genius, or those who have distinguished themselves in science or literature, life is, at least in modern times, of rather a short duration. Mr. D'Israeli, in his estimate of the literary character, mentions the excitement which all eminent men are accustomed to feel, and which, by acting physically on the brain, tends naturally to abridge life amongst such persons. But the late Niebuhr, the Roman historian, we remember, observes in one of his philosophical chapters, that nothing tends more to longevity, than the contemplation of projects which one has one's self conceived, in their progress to a successful development. Hence, generals, who have retired from the field, after having attained the objects of their warfare according to their wishes, are long-lived—and the historian adduces as an example of what he says the case of Camillus. We can ourselves quote many modern instances to confirm this opinion. Marlborough, one of the most fortunate leaders that ever commanded an army, lived rather too long for his own reputation. We sincerely hope that our posterity will not have to repeat the same thing of the Marlborough who succeeded him, and who, under the name of Wellington, carried the glory of the British arms to the ends of the earth. Perhaps it is for a contrary reason that we see so few British statesmen live long in office. Those who lead a party, and are unsuccessful in their plans, die almost always prematurely. Witness Pitt, Fox, Canning, &c. But the great Bacon died in his 65th year; Newton at 84; Harvey (the discoverer of the circulation) at 85; Linnaeus, at 71; Leibnitz, at 70; Galileo, at 70. On the contrary, Fichtel, a modern, died in his 34th year; and Davy before he reached 60. Amongst 1,700 cases of persons in all classes of society, who have reached the age of 100, only one literary man was to be found, and that was Fontenelle. We have before us a list of nearly three hundred persons, men and women, in all parts of the United Kingdom, who had attained to a great age (in no instance less than 100,) during the term of years beginning with 1807, and ending in 1823, both included, and we cannot discover throughout the whole catalogue a single name that has linked itself with an expression or a deed worthy of being remembered for an hour. So true is it, as an illustrious man has profoundly said, and as the only rival of that man's splendid fame which the modern world could produce has repeated, "The duties of life are more than life." Rather a curious confirmation of Niebuhr's doctrine just mentioned, is to be found in the ages of all the successful painters. The Italian Artists, with very few exceptions lived long.—Titian was 96; Spaccio was nearly 100; Carlo Cignani 91; Michael Angelo 90; Leonardo da Vinci 75; Calabrese 86; Claude Lorraine 82; Carlo Maratta 88; Tentoretti 82; Sebastian Ricci 78; Francesco Albano 88; Guido 68; Guerino 76; John Baptist Crespi 76; Giuseppe Crespi 82; Carlo Dolce 70; Andrew Sacchi 74; Zucharelli 86; Vernet 77; and Schidou 76.—*Monthly Review*.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

The following are related by Captain Brown in a new publication.

"A domesticated Weasel.—Although Buffon was of opinion that the weasel was an animal incapable of domestication, we have the following interesting account of one in a letter of Mademoiselle de Laistre. "If I pour some milk into my hands," says she, "it will drink a good deal; but if I do not put it in this compartment, it will scarcely take a drop. When it is satisfied, it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence, and I have found a method of dispelling its strong odours by perfumes. During day, it sleeps inside a quilt, entering by a place that is unobserved in the edge which it accidentally discovered. At night, I keep it in a wire cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the person who is at liberty before I am up in the morning, it comes into my bed, and comes into my room, and I am up before it. It is very tame, and I am in the habit of playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its teeth like a cat's leg; leaping on my head and on my neck, and running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility, that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard distant, if I present them to it. It exhibits much adroitness and cunning to obtain any wished for object; and it is so suspicious at times, as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye and all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them immediately desists, and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively, that the moment I awake however sound its sleep may be, it instantly resumes gambols with as much spirit as before it slept. If it is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it morally detests; in which case it displays its displeasure by a kind of low roar, quite opposed to the sound of its voice when used. This little creature can distinguish my voice. I twenty others, and springs over every one in the room till it has found me. Nothing can exceed the way and pleasing way it caresses me with its two paws; it frequently puts me on the chin, in a way that expresses the utmost fondness. This, a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the acuity of its attachment. He is quite aware of

my intention, when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him. On these occasions, he will conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door, and spring on me as I pass with astonishing quickness. His vivacity, agility, and voice, with the manner he utters it, have a strong similitude to those faculties in a squirrel. In the summer season, he runs about all night squeaking; but since the cold set in, he has desisted from this practice but has sometimes expressed this particular sound when rolling on my bed in the sunbeams. It seems extremely probable that the weasel sips the dew, judging from the remarkable manner he drinks milk from my hand. He will never drink water when he can get milk, and then in such a small way, that he appears only to be a cool his tongue, for he evinces fear on several occasions when water was presented to him. During the summer showers, I caught some rain water, and endeavored to get him to enter it to bathe himself, but this he would not do. I then dipped a piece of linen cloth in it; this seemed to afford him much pleasure, by rolling himself over it, which he did frequently. The curiosity of this little pet is unbounded, for it is impossible to open a drawer or box without him roving through every part of them; if even a piece of paper or a book is looked at, he will also examine it with attention. Every thing I take into my hand he must run up to, and survey with an attentive scrutiny. I have a young dog and cat, with both of which he is very familiar; he will scamper over their necks, backs, and legs without their offering him the smallest injury."

"A singular device.—A singular circumstance exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signy le Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day, looking through the edge of his garden, observed a wolf walking round about his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighboring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but in a few minutes, the wolf returned to the charge, and approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spouted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leaped upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance."

"Singular interposition.—A lady had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favorite, but, on turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it the smallest injury."

"Old Sparrows are not caught with Straes.—A cat, belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bedchamber, which was four stories high. Outside of the window was the parapet wall, on which the lady often strewed crumbs for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds, and kill them. One morning, giving a 'longing, lingering look' at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to destroy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitring, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at, and succeeded in getting down. She then carried it to the favorite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. After a while the birds came, and she resumed her favorite sport of killing the dupes of her sagacity."

"The Sparrow protected.—M. Heurt, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat, which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Heurt always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day, a cat belonging to a neighboring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought bleeding and half dead, to her master. She seemed, from her manner, really to sympathize very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grinnakin."

"Indicators of Earthquakes.—The following extraordinary anecdote of the sensibility of cats to approaching danger from earthquakes is well authenticated. In the year 1783, two cats belonging to a merchant of Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, these two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the door of a room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which

they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and, on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses of the city fell down of which number the merchant's was one; so that he was indebted for his life to the singular foresight of his cats."

"Instinct of a Sheep.—The following anecdote is really worthy of being told by the Ettrick Shepherd, or the poet of the Lakes, and we therefore regret that the incident did not happen in the vicinity of still St. Mary's Loch, or on the pastoral braes of Westmoreland. A gentleman of Inverness, on a recent journey in the Highlands, while passing through a lonely and unfrequented district, observed a sheep hurrying towards the road before him, as if to interrupt his progress, and at the same time bleating most piteously. On approaching nearer, the animal redoubled its cries, and looking significantly in the face of the traveller, seemed to implore some favor or assistance at his hands. Touched with a sight so unusual, the gentleman alighted, and leaving his gig, followed the sheep to a field in the direction whence it came. There, in a solitary cairn, at a considerable distance from the road, the sheep halted, and the traveller found a lamb completely wedged in betwixt two large stones of the cairn, and struggling feebly with its legs uppermost. The gentleman instantly extricated the little innocent sufferer, and placed it safely on the neighboring green-sward, while its overjoyed mother poured forth her thanks in a long-continued and grateful, if not a musical strain."

SCARLATINA.

The subjoined remarks by Dr. Hosack on this now so prevalent disease, will probably be interesting to the reader.

Scarlatina has during the two past years been more than usually prevalent, and it may be added more than usually fatal. The author considers the great fatality of this disease to arise from two causes.

The want of due attention to the natural discharges of the system in the first or inflammatory stage of the disease, and the want of stimuli in the passive or typhoid stage, as it may be denominated. The writer does not know a single author that properly discriminates between the two stages of this disease, but which may very readily be recognized at the bedside. Even the writings of Willan and of Heberden do not furnish an exception to the truth of this remark. We are not therefore surprised at the want of attention to the different and even opposite modes of treatment that are called for in the progress and different stages of this disease.

In the commencement of the scarlatina, the great heat and dryness of the skin, the flushed countenance, the color of the eruption, the loaded state of the blood vessels of the eyes and lids, the great thirst, the white for upon the tongue, the quick and tense pulse, the great restlessness, all indicate the increased excitement of the system and which usually is manifest during the first three days of the disease. These symptoms constitute its inflammatory stage.

The second stage is more extensively characterized by a change in the color of the eruption, to a common or dusky red; the tongue too becomes of a darker color, and frequently in the middle as in typhus fever, it assumes a brown or bluish black appearance; the teeth are covered with a dark sordes, the breath becomes offensive, the circulation is rendered more frequent, respiration more hurried and anxious, with that peculiar burning state of the surface that attends the advanced stage of typhus fever; delirium ensues, the pulse though more frequent is manifestly more feeble, the thirst is diminished, a degree of stupor follows with subsultus tendinum, &c.

These two stages may be readily recognized by the physician. In the first, according to the views and practice of the writer, those means are indicated that are calculated to restore the suppressed exertions and to diminish the force of circulation. In children, the usual subjects of this disease, these intentions are readily fulfilled by emetics, mild saline cathartics, repeated doses of the antimonial solution, or of the spiritus mindereri, and the use of the tepid bath, or frequent ablution of the surface by tepid water. In those cases in which the throat is free from local inflammation, or in which it is inconsiderable, the application of cold water to the surface of the body as recommended by Dr. Currie and others may be employed, but where the local inflammation is severe, solution with tepid vinegar and water is to be preferred. Occasionally where the throat or the tonsils are much swelled, the loss of a few ounces of blood by applying leeches to the part is sometimes called for, and occasionally the application of a blister may become useful; but usually these last symptoms yield to the use of the volatile liniment, and the hap poultice, extensively applied to the throat. In adults, or in more robust habits of the body, wherein the general inflammatory symptoms are more severe, or in which the brain or chest may be especially oppressed, general blood-letting becomes necessary in the early stage of the disease. But instead of this practice, more frequently the mercurial treatment is substituted, which augments the general fever, adds to the local inflammation of the fauces, diminishes the discharges of the system, instead of promoting them, and leaves the brain and

nerves in a much more irritable and prostrate condition. When the second stage has arrived, it is well known that most practitioners consider the heat of the skin and rapidity of circulation as altogether forbidding the use of stimuli, whatever may be in other respects the condition of the system, but in this particular the writer and they are at issue both in theory and practice. They now withhold the use of stimuli and antiseptics, as in their view adding to the excited condition of the body, while in this stage he attributes the present excitement to an exhausted and more excitable state of the system and only to be subdued by stimulants and tonics.

In this stage of the disease which commonly begins about the third or fourth day, he has found the use of porter and water, wine whey, panada with a proportion of wine, the infusion of the Virginia snake-root, washing the body two or three times a day with tepid spirits and water, and the occasional use of the warm bath, to be attended with the most beneficial effects, in lessening the heat of the skin, in diminishing the frequency of the pulse, and restoring the natural perspiration and other functions of the system.

In some cases where the sordes of the mouth and throat is considerable, or ulcerations appear about the gums, cheeks, or fauces, the application of yeast with borax and honey in the form of Bell's gargle, has also been found very serviceable.

The writer in some cases has also, in the more aggravated forms of this disease, directed with advantage a warm bath, rendered more stimulant by the addition of a quart of rum and a portion of the volatile alkali in the form of the aqua ammonia, added from time to time while the patient is in the bath.

This stimulating mode of treatment in the advanced stage of scarlatina will be found a very salutary practice compared with the passive treatment usually pursued in the advanced stage of this disease.

PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA.

The history of the progress of this disease, since our former notices, is thus summed up in the Liverpool Chronicle of 9th January.

Newcastle.	New Cases.	Recov.	Died.	Remain.
Jan. 2.	18	12	6	108
3.	45	26	11	116
4.	20	19	6	120
5.	10	5	5	120

The Tyne Mercury observes—"We can no longer say that the cholera morbus is confined to the streets in the lower part of Newcastle. It has reached the Manor-chase, Lowbridge, Newgate-st. Percy st. Prudhoe-st. and some others. It has extended also to the West-gate. It has followed the course of the river, and has not only attacked the village of St. Anthony's, St. Peter's, Dent's Hole, Wallsend, Howden, and Walker, but has appeared up the water at Leamington, Ryton, &c. At Seghill it still continues, though not so virulent as it was."

The cases at Thropthill, near Morpeth, are represented to have been common, not malignant, cholera; and those at Hebburn, in the same neighborhood, a description of fever. Cases still occur in the county of Durham, at Houghton, and the disease is stated at length to have made its appearance at South Shields. But wherever it has extended in Newcastle or the surrounding neighborhood, it appears to be attended with almost precisely similar circumstances. Those attacked are still the poor, who are ill fed, ill lodged, living in filthy situations, those previously weakened by ill health, and the intemperate, or those who by approaching the sick have been exposed to the distempers atmosphere or effluvia. The manner in which the disease is stated to have been introduced into Leamington is deserving of notice, and seems to add another fact to those already known, to show that the complaint communicates from one to another. A woman whose husband died in Sandgate of Cholera, went after his death to visit her father-in-law at Leamington. She was seized there with the same disorder, and though she had medical assistance afforded to her, and was apparently doing well, the inhabitants would not suffer her to remain. She was brought down in a boat to Sandgate, where she died. Her father-in-law was similarly attacked at Leamington a few days afterwards, and sunk under the disease. It seems to have gained a footing at Gateshead Fell in a similar manner. The body of a young man who died from cholera at Springwell, near Wreckington, was brought to his father's house at Gateshead Low Fell. When the disease broke out there, it commenced in some cottages close to where the corpse from Springwell had been taken. To these facts, which favor the opinion of the disorder being contagious, are to be added the cases which have occurred both in Newcastle and Gateshead of different members of the same family, old and young, being attacked in succession."

Gateshead.—The following official table shows its progress to the 5th of January:—

	New Cases.	Recov.	Died.	Remaind
Jan. 2,	18	15	8	89
3,	16	11	5	89
4,	25	11	5	98
5,	15	19	9	82

Two facts connected with this sudden and destructive attack upon the inhabitants of Gateshead deserve particular notice. On the night preceding and on the night of Christmas day, and unusual number of people there drank largely of ardent spirits; many of them were seen reeling in the streets. The wind, which had been previously from the south, veered to the north on the night of the 24th, and continued in the

same direction on the 25th December. Precaution was taken to prevent the intoxication of the people on New Year's eve and night, by closing the public houses. The good effect of this was remarkable; in the report of Sunday, the 1st of January, there was only one death. The class of persons attacked in Gateshead as elsewhere, are the dissipated, the filthy, the ill-fed, the broken in constitution, and those who have been exposed to a polluted atmosphere.

Sunderland.—There has not been a death for several days, and the disease appears to be almost extinct.

North Shields.—There has been a trifling increase of cases at this place. In all there have been 12 deaths and 8 recoveries.

Haddington, N. B.—The disorder still rages at this place. The following are the returns on Thursday and Friday:

	New Cases.	Recov.	Died.	Remain.
January 5	3	1	1	9
6	6	2	2	11

Total cases from the commencement of the disease, 38. Total deaths, 10. We regret to learn that the disease is spreading in the vicinity of Haddington. Two cases have occurred at Beanton Mill, three at Athelstanford, and one at Whittingham. At the former place, one of the cases proved fatal, and one recovered. At the other two places, the four cases remained under treatment on Friday.

The Scotchman says:—The Cholera is increasing in virulence at Haddington. A letter dated Wednesday states, that business is greatly impeded by it.

Edinburgh.—We regret to have to state, that this awful scourge of the human race has actually visited the metropolis of Scotland. The Edinburgh papers scarcely allude to the fact, but the existence of the disorder is confirmed by private letters received in Liverpool, and especially by a letter addressed to the Lord Provost by Mr. Sanders, and which is published in the *Caledonian Mercury*. The first case occurred on Thursday in the house No. 4 West Adam-street; the sufferer's name is Leech, and the medical men pronounced the case to be one of a decisive character, an unequivocal example of the spasmodic cholera.

By the prompt measures taken, the patient was in a favorable way towards recovery; and Mr. Sanders says there would have been no danger had assistance been called during the first stage. He adds, that the moment the symptoms of excitement appear, anti-phlogistic means ought to be adopted; by which means the disease will, in every instance, be mitigated, and in the greater number completely arrested. "This stage," says he, "either not being known or not attended to, has hitherto been the chief cause of the great fatality."

Grand Totals.—Cases from the commencement of the disease, 1,489. Deaths from ditto, 509.

It is gratifying to find that the Cholera has so generally subsided on the Continent. At St. Petersburg its total extinction is announced, and the event was very properly celebrated with public thanksgivings. At Vienna on the 19th Dec. there were but 31 cases remaining, twelve of them originating within the three preceding days; at Berlin on the 26th and 27th no new cases and no deaths, and but four remaining sick; and at Constantinople and Smyrna it had entirely ceased at the last accounts. The Plague also no longer existed in the Turkish Capital. The only alloy to the gratification which such news is calculated to inspire is in the reflection that where the Cholera has once prevailed it never after will at times assert its dominion.—*Atlas*.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

From the "Usurer's Daughter."

Speaking about identifying a person whom the father considers as concerned in the riots which had the previous night put his house in danger:—

"Margaret," continued the father, "you must know that the writer of the letter, which I received on Wednesday night, was among the crowd. You can swear to his person. When the law loses a victim, it loses part of its value, and so far fails the object for which it was made, and when law fails of its object, it is a non-entity, a dead letter, a thing of no value; it might as well not have been made at all as made in vain; and when there is no law at all, or what is the same thing, when laws are made in vain, there comes a disruption of the bonds of society, all is confusion and disorder, plunder and murder. Margaret, would you wish to see society in sad disorder, so that there be no safety for life or property? 'Certainly not, my father,' answered Margaret; 'but I am of opinion that there is no danger of such a result from my abstaining to give positively a doubtful testimony against accused men.' 'If all thought as you do, my child, there would be no justice.' 'And if all thought as you do, my dear father, there would be no mercy.'"

Such a reply to any other father than Mr. Erpingham would have brought a rebuke down upon the child that should have uttered it; but he heeded it not; on the contrary, without any abatement of his usual placid smile, without the slightest wrinkle on his brow, or cloud of anger on his countenance, he continued:—"Mercy, my child, what is the use of mercy? Justice holds society together; but mercy relaxes those bonds, and leaves us in a sad confusion. Mercy is the word of wide, weak, and foolish meaning. It is the insinuating craftiness whereby men plunder the honest and industrious. Margaret my child, I did not

gain my wealth by mercy, and I will not lose it by mercy. They who came to me for gold to supply their wanton cravings, and pledged to me their title-deeds, and gave me large premiums, measured not those premiums by any mercy towards me. If I had had no money at command, they would not have put themselves and their reversions into my power. Had I been utterly poor and penniless, I might for aught that mercy would have done for me, have sat down in the dust of humility, and have bowed my neck to the foot of the proud man, and have eaten the thankless bread of poverty, and have sunk down to an unmarked grave. Justice is intelligible, definite, written, and marked down. We know where to have it. But mercy is of indefinite and rambling meaning." "Oh, my dear father!" replied the daughter, "it grieves me indeed to hear you talk thus—contradicting all the pleasant and sweet lessons of benevolence which I heard from my dear departed mother: it pains me to the heart to hear the people almost curse you. 'They are foolish to curse me, Margaret; it does them no good, and me no harm.' Margaret turned away her face and wept; and while her tears continued to flow and her sobs to be heard, her father was silent; but when the passion of her sorrow was abated, he renewed the conversation precisely in the same tone and with the same purpose, saying, 'My child, I would fain have you go with me to the Mansion-house, where the aldermen are examining prisoners. You must give your testimony according to the best of your ability.' The tears which Margaret had shed, while they relieved her grief, abated the firmness of her resistance to her father's will; and she replied, 'If it be your pleasure, sir, that I should accompany you, my duty as a daughter compels my obedience; but I must say, that no consideration shall make me give testimony in a doubtful matter.' 'The testimony required of you will be according to the conviction of your own mind. Besides, in the present case you will not be upon your oath.' 'My dear father,' replied Margaret, 'I always speak as though I were upon oath.' 'In so doing,' replied her father, 'you do wrong.' The daughter echoed the usurer's words with astonishment; and the callous man coldly proceeded:—'Yes, my child, you do wrong; you diminish, you destroy the peculiar sanctity of an oath by such a proceeding. Only imagine for a moment how inefficacious the law would be, if every one acted upon the principle of being no more bound by an oath than without one.' 'But think again, sir, how much better than many laws, would be the universal prevalence of the love of truth.' 'You are supposing, my child, what can never take place. Besides, it would be inconvenient—very inconvenient. It is enough that a man can be believed on his oath; that is all the law requires—all that can be expected of us in this imperfect state. You will go with me, Margaret.' 'I will go with you, sir, but the conscientiousness that makes me obey you in this instance, will make me disobey you if you request of me any testimony which may destroy a life which the withholding of that testimony may save.' 'Child, you have strange notions.' * * *

Lines to the Memory of the Grandson of Sir Walter Scott:

Known to the public as Hugh Littlejohn,—for whose use were written the Tales of a Grandfather. He was a child of great mental promise, but afflicted from an early age with a disease of the spine.

Boy of the laurel!—go!
This earth was not for thee!
The vulgar cares, that fret mankind,
Had grieved and galled thy gentler mind—
Thy frail form. No, not—be free!
Boy of the laurel!—go!

Thou worm-nipp'd bud,—thou blighted flower
Is it a general doom
That to the gifted ones is given,*
With niggard hand, the boon of Heaven,
A blessing birth-marked for the tomb,
A worm-nipp'd bud,—a blighted flower!

Babe as thou wert—thy name
Is consoled here
With those to which our language clings,
As glorious and immortal things,
Things worthy of the nation's tear,
Now hallowing thy name!

Ray of a mighty star!
Which cheer'dst the heart we lov'd,
The mind we venerated! Thou
Couldst chase those care-shades from his brow
By the world's worship unremoved,—
Ray of our setting star!

Ah! hover near him still!
Still whispering peace and love!
Thy feeble accents, lov'd in life,
Shall woo him from a world of strife,
To gentler, holier realms above,
Where thou wilt soothe him still.

Child of the laurel!—go!
Heed not the tears we shed.
Thine was the best of destinies;
Affliction trained thee for the skies,
While Love upheld thy fainting head!
Go!—gentle martyr,—go!

* The eldest son of Mr. Canning was afflicted in a similar manner.—*Court Jour.*

A Mis-Chance.—The unexpected marriage of the Earl of Harrington with Miss Foote, was as sudden as it was singular. The Noble Earl having taken great interest in Madame Vestris's Olympic speculation, exerted himself warmly in

her support, and one evening invited her to supper at Harrington House, and to bring Miss Sydney with her for a companion. Something occurred to prevent Miss Sydney from accompanying the earl's lessee, who, in consequence, introduced Miss Foote, when the latter, by her graceful and unassuming manners, combined with her personal beauty and accomplishments, so completely won the affections of the Noble Earl that he offered her his hand, with an earnest desire that the nuptials might be solemnized on the ensuing morning. The lover's ardent effectually overcame the reluctance of the lady, and, on the ensuing morning, Miss Foote became the Countess of Harrington. We have every reason to believe that there is not a happier couple than the Noble Earl and his lovely and talented bride. It is not possible for us to say what prevented Miss Sydney from accepting the Earl's invitation, neither can we presume to imagine the nature of that young lady's thoughts upon the singular result, but certainly there is every appearance of her having lost a chance.—*London paper.*

The Letters of the Great.—Lord Nugent, in his "Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times," (in an exceedingly interesting, tho' not very aristocratic work, just published,) gives some curious instances of the letters of great folks. He first quotes one from the Duchess of Buckingham to James I., which, as his Lordship truly observes, shows on what strange domestic topics the females of that Noble House, then so favored and so dishonored, found entertainment for the servile inquisitiveness of their Master's character. The letter was as follows:—

"May it please your Majesty,—I have received the two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violat cake and chickens, for which I most humbly thank your Majesty.

"I hope my Lord Arran has told your Majesty that I did mean to write Mall very shortly. I would not by any means a-done it till I had first made your Majesty acquainted with it; and by reason my cousin Brett's boy has been ill of late, makes me very desirous to write her. * * so I do intend to make trial this night how she will endure it. This day, praying for your Majesty's health and long life, I humbly take my leave. Your Majesty's most humble servant,

"K. BUCKINGHAM."

Lord Nugent then gives another, from Dalrymple's Collection of Letters, "if it be only for the noble contrast of style and sentiment which it displays in another person of the same rank; and as a sample of concise but pure and touching eloquence." It is written by another Catharine, the Duchess Dowager of Lenox, widow of Esme, the third Duke, and as Dalrymple terms her, "the mother of many heroes." This is the letter:—

"My Sovereign Lord,—According to your Majesty's gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend to you, accompanied with a widow's prayers and tears that he may wax old in your Majesty's service, and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestors departed; so shall he find grace and favor in the eyes of my Lord the King, which will revive the dying hopes and raise the dejected spirits of a comfortless mother. Your Majesty's most humble servant.

"KA. LENNOX."

[This "young man" was James, Duke of Richmond and Lenox.]—*Eng. pap.*

Dramatic Scrolls.—In serious pantomimes any thing that is essential to the plot is conveyed to the audience by means of a scroll, on which the words are painted. In a piece called *Koa* two such scrolls were used—one "The prisoner is taken;" the other "The prisoner has escaped." Unfortunately the exhibitor, in his hurry, showed the last scroll instead of the first, thus rendering the plot unintelligible. James Browne (late of Drury, and then of Liverpool) was very indignant, and rated the actor for not reading the scroll himself before he went on—"a thing," said B. "that I or any man of sense never would neglect." A few nights after, playing *Three-fingered Jack*, Browne had to exhibit a scroll, offering "500 crowns reward for his head and hand," which he is supposed to have seized from the soldiery. He unfurled the scroll—a roar of laughter followed, and on examination he found the affiche he had exhibited ran as follows—"Asses' milk sold here."

Paganini and the Anatomists.—In the account which we gave of an operation performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on a poor woman of St. Albans, last Saturday, we stated that the operation had been postponed from the previous Thursday, in consequence of such an attractive multitude having assembled at the door of the operating theatre, that neither the operator nor his patient could obtain admittance; and that among those who were particularly disappointed by this postponement was the Signor Paganini, who had been brought there by a medical friend, to whom he had expressed his anxious desire to witness "some terrible operation." The Signor, however, was not present on the following Saturday, when the operation did take place, and his absence has been thus accounted for. Mr. Earle, the operator, having been informed of the illustrious fiddler's disappointment, caused it to be intimated to him that the operation would take place on Saturday, and that he should be extremely happy to receive him—provided he would undertake to perform, on some future day, for the benefit of the poor woman who was to be operated upon. Signor Paganini's curiosity appears to have entirely evaporated upon the receipt of this communication, for he returned no answer to it, nor did he make appearance on the day of the operation; and we are credibly informed that the only object of this modern Ophelus, in seeking to be present at "some terrible operation," was to study the screams of the patient, and thereby add to his imitations another so novel and interesting, that it could not fail to throw into new ecstasies the whole musical world.—*Morning Herald.*

Tired of Life.—On Wednesday evening last, a man, whose name to us is unknown, was seen by several of our citizens, floating very composedly down the river, by the foot of Market street, on a detached piece of ice, without a hat on his head and with a bundle in his hands. No suspicion of his purpose was at first entertained, as he appeared to enjoy his novel mode of transportation, in a high degree. But when he had arrived near the head of the island, below town, he first threw his bundle into the river—which is said to have contained 200 or \$300—and then jumped in himself. At this juncture a man by the name of Gordon, keeper of a livery-stable in town, whose intrepidity deserves to be recorded, sprang into the river and swimming out to the spot, succeeded, after great exertion, in dragging out the drowning man upon the stable portion of ice. With the assistance of a negro man, who came out with a boat, he was brought ashore, and conveyed to the hospital. We understand he struggled manfully to the last against the benevolent designs of his rescuer, and was very angry that he could not be suffered to drown unobserved. He is supposed to be insane.—*St. Louis Times.*

Comfortable Lodgings.—The missionary ship *Duff* having put ashore on a heathen coast some of her missionaries to prosecute the work of conversion, one of them travelled farther into the interior of the country than the others, and was lost sight of. The latter engaged a man of authority among the natives to act as guide and interpreter in leading them through the country, and they travelled from one place to another till at length they reached the wanderer to a particular district. Full of the loudest assurances, they immediately proceeded, through the assistance of their guide, to question the natives as to the progress their companion had made in converting them, and how they were pleased with him. "Squai wab squab squaverab skooie rig vab wam skadiav skooie rig daurab vab!" shouted several savages, making gestures suitable to the words, which were translated thus:—"Fine man the missionary, ate him up last night, ate him all up."

The Rev. Mr. N—, of New Haven, was appointed to preach before the association. Some circumstances prevented his attendance. He therefore thought expedient to write and apologize. While he was thus engaged, a messenger informed him that his bull had grown very surly. Mr. N— immediately wrote a few lines to the man who had his bull in pasturing, and by accident directed this letter to the association. It was opened by the moderator, when, to his utter astonishment, he read as follows: "You may tie up the old bull for the present, and when I can attend to it I will come and take care of him." The reverend members were totally nonplussed; but at length an idea was started and adopted as explanatory: It was this—that by the old bull they must understand the devil, whom they were to secure, till Mr. N— could come and take care of him.

A Clergyman took for his text the following words:—"Vow, and pay unto the Lord thy vows." An Indian heard him very attentively, and stepping up to the pulpit, thus accosted him, "I Vow I'll go home with you, Mr. Minister." "You must go then," replied the parson. The Indian afterward vowed to have supper, and then to stay all night. "You may," replied the clergyman, "but I row you shall go in the morning."

Anti-Malthusians.—Copy of an inscription on a tomb in Conway, North Wales:—Here lyeth ye body of Mich. Hookes, of Conway, gent. who was ye 41st child of his father, Wm. Hookes, Esq. by Alice his wife, and ye father of 27 children, who died ye 20th day of March, 1637.

A Legal Pun.—In the course of the trial of an action for a tailor's bill, it appeared that none of the clothes supplied fitted the defendant. Then, observed the judge, we must proceed according to the *lex tailoris*, the plaintiff must be now suited.

Bassiana.—"What has Colonel Webb been doing?" said a gentleman who heard his name mentioned just after the receipt of the late news. "Nothing of much importance," replied Bass, "only making a butt of a barrel."—*Boston Trans.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 19th, Edward S. Mesier, to Miss Susan Maria C. Wiman.
 At Peekskill, Hazel L. Raymond, to Miss Maria Fowler.
 At Canandaigua, Henry Chapin 2d, merchant, to Miss Cynthia Chapin.
 At Manchester, N.Y., Massu H. Gilbert, to Miss Emily W. Bryant.
 At Hartford, William Spencer, to Miss Amanda Seymour.
 At East Haddam, Alexander Arthur, to Miss Rebecca Worthington.
 At Beverly, Shadrach Meschach Alondago Fish, to Miss Lucy Sandley.
 At Boston, Rev. John J. Owen, to Miss Elizabeth B. Wells.
 At East Amherst, Cassady, to Miss Margaret Knedland.
 At Haverhill, Mass., George W. Haskell, to Miss Harriet Milliken.
 At Dartmouth, Elijah Devoll, to Miss Phoebe Tucker.
 At Barnstable, Capt. John Baxter, of Yarmouth, to Miss Elizabeth Gray.
 At Harwich, Isaac Mayo, of Chatham, to Miss Mercy Snow, of Harwich.
 At Cotuit, Mass. Zantedeil Marston, to Miss Malvina, daughter of Benjamin Smith.
 At Guilford, N.H., Benjamin P. Aiken, to Miss Hannah K. Bonwell.
 At Charleston, Wm. E. Bellows, to Miss Lavina Harris, both of Rome.
 At Dover, Nicholas Longee, to Miss Hannah T. Bickford, both of Lowell.
 At Gettysburg, Pa., Lewis Hoff, of Baltimore, to Miss Hannah Myers.
 At Knoxville, Tenn., Eli Moorfield, to Sarah J. Ashlock, of Anderson county.
 At Sullivan, N.H., Horace Frost, to Miss Melinda Locke.
 The cold this winter's so severe,
 That ladies have had much to fear;
 As for Melinda—she not shivered;
 She is in *Frosty* lounge locked.

DIED.

In this city, on the 17th, Benjamin Moore, of the firm of De Haven, Iselin & Moore.
 On the 18th, Miss Mary Lang, daughter of Jacob Lang, aged 25.
 On the 18th, Dr. Wm. Horton, aged 63.
 On the 18th, Mrs. Abigail Seaman, widow of the late David Seaman, aged 57.
 On the 19th, Benjamin Ferris, Esq.
 On the 20th, Frederick A. McNeile, aged 22, son of Edmund A. McNeile, Esq. of Cushman, Ireland.
 On the 20th, Mrs. Eleanor Ann, wife of John Firth, of the firm of Firth & Hall, aged 39.
 On the 20th, Robert M. Kay, aged 25.
 On the 20th, Charlotte, wife of Daniel W. Tuttle.
 On the 19th, Thaddeus Whitlock, aged 51.
 At Phillipsburg, N.Y., Cyrus Horton, Esq., one of the judges of the court of common pleas of Putnam county, aged 47.
 At Fishkill, Mrs. Anne Jane, wife of the Hon. Joseph Jackson.
 At New Haven, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, relict of the late Capt. Benjamin Brown.
 At Boston, Dr. James Dagehaw, late of Belize, in the Bay of Honduras.
 At Worcester, Mrs. Nancy Harrington, widow of the late Silas Harrington, aged 57.
 At Concord, N.H., Joseph Abbot, 59.
 At Swanzey, N.H., Joseph Underwood, Esq., 60.
 At Westmoreland, Elder Nathaniel Wilbur, 73.
 At Simon, Capt. Eleazer Parkhurst, 56.
 At Sudbuck, Maj. Nathaniel Friend, 52.
 At Gilmanton, Lieut. George Pass, 49; and one week previous, his wife, 46.
 At Papasid, John Rea. He committed suicide by hanging on a well, with a stone weighing 17 lbs. tied to his neck.
 At Withersfield, Rocky Hill, Miss Anna Church, 92.
 At New Haven, Amos Doublet, engraver, aged 73.
 At Athens, Ohio, Miss Lou Camp, aged 25, wife of John Camp, and daughter of Adonijah French, Esq. of Woodbridge, Conn.
 At Middletown, Lot Sizer, 58.
 At Elizabethtown, N.J., Ellis Noe.
 At Philadelphia, John Wagner, Esq., 84.
 At Emmitsburg, Md., Wm. Greason, sen., 65.
 At Norfolk, Mrs. Sarah G. Piercy, relict of Jas. L. Piercy, and daughter of the late James Hunter, Esq.
 At New Orleans, Jonathan S. Smith, late book keeper in the U.S. Branch Bank in this city.
 At Paris, J. U. Meynie, formerly of Philadelphia.

C. P. CROCKETT, agent, 154 Broadway, has for sale a splendid assortment of *Hats and Caps*. Hats of a superior quality at \$4. feb. 25.

R. GRESSWELL'S

PECTORAL ELIXIR.

An infallible cure for coughs and colds, prepared and sold only by R. Gresswell, 914 Bowery, near Hester street N.Y. Price only two shillings per bottle. jan. 28.

OIL OF SINAPISM, OR EXTRACT OF MUSTARD.

THIS principle, (a volatile acid oil) is the best rubefacient which the Materia Medica can boast of—it is the best substitute for the mustard plaster; or by applying it merely to the skin, it effects a vesication after a few hours. This oil will be of incalculable advantage to the country practitioner, it being inconvenient to carry the mustard with him. Its action is always uniform, and does not deteriorate in any length of time. For sale at

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER'S
 65 15. Drug and Chemical store, 377 Broadway.

QUININE, Cinchonne, and Chinkine, with all the febrile properties of Quinine contained in one preparation.

The pre-mentioned Extract of Bark has proved to be of equal efficacy with the Sulphate of Quinine, which has become scarce and dear, and is still increasing in price; whereas this preparation, possessing the full strength of it, can be sold at one third of the present price of Quinine. This Extract will unquestionably meet the approbation of the faculty, and no doubt be fully tested by the experience of our most distinguished physicians, as Drs. Parrish and Wood have already laid down the favourable result of their practice in the Journal of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, 1st vol. 44. This Extract is given in the form of pills and solutions, as the accompanying directions explain. For sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
 65 15. 377 Broadway.

COLOURING PRINTS.

THREE or four girls who understand well the above business, may find employment by applying at the Lithographic Office at 144 Nassau street.
 Also wanted, a smart active lad, as a pupil, to whom will be taught the arts of painting, printing, drawing, colouring, &c. &c. together with every thing that belongs to Lithography. jan. 28.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

THE celebrity of the "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" is so universal, and the peculiar advantages which they possess, together with their decidedly eminent superiority over all other kinds of artificial teeth, is so generally known and acknowledged, that a minute description of their merits and excellencies, by way of advertisement, would be deemed altogether superfluous. To those, however, who are not perfectly familiar with the various kinds and qualities of the materials used as substitutes for the original teeth, it may be well to observe, that the "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," unlike teeth formed of animal substances, never change in any length of time their colour; neither will they in the smallest degree decay or decompose by the combined action of the atmosphere and saliva or juices of the mouth; consequently they are worn with ease and pleasure by those who use them—preserving the natural form of the mouth; restoring the articulation, and renewing the pleasures of mastication; never producing a disagreeable or disgusting taste, and preserving the breath always and at all times sweet and uncontaminated. The subscriber has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of these beautiful teeth, which he will be happy to insert for those who need them, either singly or more, to a full and entire set, if wanting; and in the subscriber's manner of setting them, they are adapted with ease to all cases, how difficult soever they may have been deemed.

All operations on the mouth and teeth, such as separating, evening, regulating, cleaning, plugging, or stopping, extracting, &c. &c. appertaining to the profession of Surgeon Dentist, performed with ease and scientific practice. **JOHN PURDELL**, Surgeon Dentist, jan. 28. 234 Broadway, near Duane st. N.Y.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New York, known as "the ever and always lucky," would remind his friends, that all orders for his great Lottery Tickets, must be addressed to his office, to insure confidential attention. Sylvester's fame is so well known at this time, that he need not puff, or advertise daily; but he will here state, that he has an connexion with any other person in this city, and that letters should be sent to

S. J. SYLVESTER, New York.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Baltimore, Md.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Pittsburg, Pa.

The following brilliant Lotteries are next to be drawn—Managers, Yates & McIntyre—Licensed venders, S. J. Sylvester.
 February 21. Delaware Lottery, No. 3—\$20,000, 10,000, 100 of 100—Tickets \$10.
 February 23. New York Lottery, No. 3—\$20,000, 10,000, 100 of 100—Tickets \$5.

February 25. Philadelphia Lottery, No. 4—\$30,000, 10,000, 100 of 100—Tickets \$10.
 February 29. New York Lottery, No. 4—\$25,000, 10,000, 100 of 100—Tickets \$5.

March 5. Rhode Island Lottery, No. 33—\$10,000, 5,000, 50 of 100, 50 of 500, &c.—Tickets \$10.
 The first drawn number will receive \$20—Second do. \$16—Third do. \$12—Fourth or fifth, \$12. To be sold, in some cases, and favorable for purchasing packages, as but little can be sent.

March 7. N.Y. Lottery, Class No. 5—\$25,000, 10,000, 5,000, 40 of 1,000, 40 of 500, &c.—Tickets \$10.
 March 14. N.Y. Lottery, Class No. 6—\$25,000, 10,000, 5,000, 40 of 1,000, 40 of 500, &c.—Tickets \$10.

March 16. N.Y. Lottery, Class No. 4—\$20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 100 of 1,000, &c.—Tickets \$10.
 March 21. N.Y. Lottery, Class No. 7—\$16,000, 10,000, &c.—Tickets \$5.

N.B. All the above are first rate schemes, and tickets are ready for delivery at any respective offices.
 The public's obedient servant,
S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

To Banks, Merchants, Traders, Dealers, &c. &c.—The subscriber has enlarged the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector & Price Current to the imperial size. It is now complete in every department; and, in addition to the useful tables, it contains a great variety of reading matter. The Counterfeit and Bank Note List is the largest ever published. Terms, \$2.50 per ann. in advance; it is sent gratis to all who deal in any manner with Feb. 18.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS—Sydney and Albion, or Fictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Coke of superior quality, for smelting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, \$9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1-5th ton); Fictou Coals, \$9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, \$11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, \$10 50 per do; do. screenings, \$7 per do; Fictou Coals, \$10 50 per do; and Coke \$11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Loring & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson streets; Jacob Southard, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison streets; Wm. R. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Wain, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn. Oct. 28. **RUPERT J. COCHRAN** 37 Broadway.

DR. HEWES' LINIMENT.

JUST received, at No. 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division street, a genuine supply of a certain cure for the inflammatory, sciatic, and chronic Rheumatism.—Dr. Shubael Hewes' celebrated rheumatic, nerve, and bone Liniment, applied morning and night, has cured hundreds. It gives relief in the swelling of the glands of the throat, and relieves the numbness and contractions of the limbs, and will take swellings down, and inflammations out of the flesh, rheumatism, bruises, and sprains. It gives immediate relief; it strengthens weak limbs, and extends the cords when contracted. A few drops on sheep's wool applied to the ear of deaf persons, will, by constant application, cause them to hear in two months' time.

Dr. Lucius S. Comstock, 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division street, New York, is the general agent, and offers this remedy, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices. jan. 28.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawanna Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm-streets. sep. 28. **S. B. REINE & Co.**

NOTICE—To Connoisseurs in Minerals, and the public in general.—The subscriber, owing to the rapid increase of his business as a druggist and chemist, feels himself obliged to dispose of his large and valuable collection of minerals and natural curiosities, which cost him years of labour and a small fortune to collect. Many of his specimens, both rare and beautiful, have been for some time exhibiting in the New York Lyceum of Natural History and Peale's Museum, in this city, where they have attracted the attention of men of taste and science. The subscriber flatters himself that there has been seldom offered here a collection so worthy of the public attention—brought together from every quarter of the world, selected and improved. It is impossible to enumerate them in the short compass of an advertisement, but among the most precious will be found—

A large wax yellow Amber, of nearly 2 lbs. weight, and 60 cubic inches magnitude, from the Baltic.
 An American Beryl, of 70 lbs. weight, and 620 cubic inches.

A full sized Prism, of 27 circumference.
 Three collections of precious stones, containing all possible varieties, from the diamond to the flint.

Three small private collections of 160, 350, and 940 specimens, besides several other natural curiosities, such as the teeth of the mammoth, preserved reptiles, and fish impressions, &c.

The whole or any part of the above is offered on moderate terms, at the drug and chemical store of **Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER**, 377 Broadway, one door below White-street.

N.B. Any orders received from persons residing at a distance will be promptly and faithfully executed. feb. 11.

BOSTON'S BONESET LOZENGES.

THESE lozenges, so very celebrated in all complaints of the lungs, are offered to the public as affording relief in coughs, colds, asthma, early stages of consumption, croup, hooping cough, spitting of blood, and all difficulties of breathing from any cause. These lozenges are also highly beneficial in hoarseness, and in cases where there is constitutional excitement accompanied by obstructions of any of the secretions of the skin faces of the throat.

That the public may be assured that they obtain the genuine article, each box bears the signature of the proprietor, and may be had of the principal druggists in New York, and wholesale and retail at the stores of the manufacturer.

J. BOSTON, chemist and apothecary, feb. 18. 252 Broadway, and 7 Wall street.

IPECAC & SQUILLS LOZENGES.

THE most convenient, pleasant, and effectual cough medicines are offered for sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, jan. 7. 377 Broadway.

FUMIGATING PASTILES—Wax and incense Powders are prepared and offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, jan. 7. 377 Broadway.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

GENTLEMEN'S India Rubber Shoes and Over Shoes, of superior quality, for sale by

LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK, 20 Fulton Slip, and 56 Division st. jan. 28.

FREEMAN'S CELEBRATED INDIAN SPECIFIC.

FOR Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, &c. For sale by **GEORGE D. COGGESHALL**, dec. 3. Druggist, corner Pearl and Rose-sts.

OXYGEN SOAP.

DISCOVERY. A Soap which has the singular property of making the complexion one shade clearer and ruddier than usual—as evidence Dr. Priestly's experiments touching the same, by the attraction blood and oxygen have for each other, causing its purity and florid tint, by absorption through a membrane. Johnson's Medical Reports mention its happy effects in removing eruptions and irritations of the skin, which arise from its peculiar tonic power. Chemical experiments point it out as a simple brightening compound, giving purity of tinge by the above-mentioned attraction, also removing and preventing the bilious shade of the same. Sold for the inventor by Dr. CONNING, Marble Building, No. 2 Chatham square and 2 Catharine street, and **JAMES H. HART**, corner Broadway and Chamber-st. three doors from Washington Hall, N.Y. Price 50 cents.

JANSEN'S STORE.

AT B. G. JANSEN'S Blank Book, Stationary, and Label Store, No. 189 1-2 Hudson-street, New-York, may constantly be had, blank books of every description, full or half bound; writing, printing, and wrapping papers; English and American drawing paper, different sizes, 13 by 16 to 31 by 52 inches; Bristol board and ivory paper; albums, various bindings, with or without engravings; plain and tinted paper; port-folios and scrap books; water colors, Reeves', Newman's, Osborn's, and Boston's, by the cake or box; camel's hair pencils; pona and velvet brushes; pocket-books; colored, embossed, and morocco papers; school books; a great variety of prints for scrapbooks; also, landscapes, views, and flowers, for copies; show-bills and labels; law blanks. All the new publications, as soon as issued from the press, for sale or hired out to be read.

Wood Engraving and Letter Press Printing, in all their various branches, executed with neatness and despatch.

NEW UPHOLSTERY WAREHOUSE, No. 152 Fulton-street, east side of Broadway, New-York.

JOHN NEEDHAM, PROPRIETOR, RESPECTFULLY solicits the attention of the Public to his Stock of **UPHOLSTERY**, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:—

Pure Curled Hair Mattresses, Bolsters & Pillows, of Superior Manufacture; Warranted all Hair. Feather Beds, Bolsters, and Pillows, Paillasses, Church and Chair Cushions, Sofa Pillows, &c. Also, Sofas, Chairs, Cots &c. &c.

N. B. Ship and Steam Boat Owners, Proprietors of Hotels, Private Families, Merchants and others, will find it advantageous to call. All orders thankfully received, executed in the best manner, and upon the most reasonable terms, and punctually attended to.

HEWITT'S PATENT AND PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.

THESE Bedsteads have been tested by hundreds of our most respectable citizens, and are found, beyond any doubt, to be superior to any now in use.

Manufactured and sold at a reasonable price, at No. 20 Hudson street, by **F. HEWITT**, July 16th.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

M. RYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Ryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR.

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Ryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr., M.D., Amasa Wright, M.D., and John C. Chesman, M.D.

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INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the best possible manner, the loss of their teeth, to his admirable

IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH. These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess highly polished and vitrified surface

most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth, so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE, and with their colour, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the last period of human existence. In point of economy they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeal of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substance, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discriminating public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to suit sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

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